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Memorial Addresses
on the Life and Character
of Preston B. Plumb,
(a Senator from Kansas)
1892

VETERANS FOUNDATION

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52D CONGRESS, 1st Session. | SENATE. | MIS. DOC. No. 228.

MEMORIAL ADDRESSES

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

PRESTON B. PLUMB,

(A SENATOR FROM KANSAS),

DELIVERED IN THE

SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

FEBRUARY 20 AND MARCH 19, 1892.

Prepared in accordance with joint resolution of Congress, and under direction of the Joint Committee on Printing,

BY

W. H. MICHAEL,

CLERK OF PRINTING RECORDS, UNITED STATES SENATE.

WASHINGTON:

GOVERNMENT PRINTING OFFICE.

1892.

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THE DEATH OF SENATOR PLUMB.

SERVICES IN THE SENATE CHAMBER.

December 21, the United States Senate, the House of Representatives, the Executive and Judiciary Departments of the Government, representatives of foreign powers, and thousands from among the Washington public paid the last tribute of affection and respect to the memory of the dead Senator.

The body was placed in a handsome cloth-covered casket of cedar, on the lid of which was a plain silver plate bearing the following inscription: "Preston B. Plumb, born October 12, 1837; died December 20, 1891."

At 10 o'clock the casket was borne from the house to the hearse by eight of the Capitol police, under direction of Assistant Sergeant-at-Arms Merritt.

Immediately the small funeral cortége, consisting of the hearse, drawn by two coal-black horses caparisoned with heavy robes of black netting, and a few carriages containing immediate friends, started towards the Capitol. There were no floral decorations at the house, and, save a small wreath of white immortelles on the top of the casket, sent by the chief clerk of the Treasury Department, there was nothing to relieve the somber blackness of the casket.

The small procession moved slowly down Fourteenth street to Pennsylvania avenue and wended its way up through the Capitol grounds to the Capitol. At the entrance to the building the remains were met by Sergeant-at-Arms Valentine, who

escorted them to the marble room in the rear of the Senate chamber and only a short distance from the Vice-President's chair. There they were placed on a black catafalque in the center of the room.

Soon after the casket was deposited in the marble room a large number of persons gathered around the doors at the entrance anxious to take a last look at the features of the departed.

When the Senate met at noon the chamber was partly arranged for the obsequies. The desk and chair of the deceased Senator were heavily draped. The galleries were crowded with spectators, except the diplomatic and the Vice-President's galleries, which were reserved.

In the opening prayer Rev. J. G. Butler, the chaplain, referred in a feeling manner to the death of Senator PLUMB. "Sanctified," he said, "be this last bereavement. Teach us heavenly wisdom; hear us when we commend to Thee, very tenderly, Thy handmaiden in her solitude and sadness and overwhelming sorrow in her distant home. We pray that Thou wilt sustain and comfort her in Thy peace."

On motion of Mr. Manderson the reading of the Journal was dispensed with, and Mr. PEFFER rose to make the formal announcement of Mr. PLUMB's death and to offer proper resolutions. He said:

"Mr. PRESIDENT: I esteem myself peculiarly unfortunate in that, before I have been a member of this body long enough to have become familiar with even the dimensions of the chamber in which we sit, I am called upon to announce the death of my distinguished colleague, upon whose wonderful resources I had expected largely to rely.

"PRESTON B. PLUMB, a Senator from Kansas, died in this city yesterday at ten minutes before 12 o'clock. This is not the time nor the occasion to speak at length of the life and the

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public services of the absent Senator. The dark drapery about the seat he so long occupied forcibly reminds his fellow members that they have lost one of their most active and industrious workers. His experience, his practical way of doing things, his sagacity and his great powers of endurance, his constancy and faithfulness on duty and his alertness in action made his a conspicuous figure among the strong men of the nation. But there are others who feel this bereavement more keenly than we, upon whom the blow has fallen with crushing weight. There is a home, where this man was known as the world knows him not: a place where hearts are lacerated and bleeding; where a loving family will be glad, even in their grief, to receive at our hands what is left of the fond husband and father in whose life theirs was closely bound. To them, at least, there are two sources of consolation, one that he fell while on duty at his post in the service of his country, the other that there is a fountain of strength, infinite in power and duration, from which we may all draw in time of need. At the proper time I will ask the Senate to name a time when we may pay tribute to our deceased brother in an appropriate manner; and now, Mr. President, I offer the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That the sudden death of Hon. PRESTON B. PLUMB causes profound sorrow and deep regret to his associates in the Senate.

"*Resolved*, That a committee of five Senators be appointed by the Vice-President to take order with a committee of the House of Representatives for superintending the funeral of the late Senator PLUMB; and as a mark of respect for his memory that his body be removed from the capital to the State of Kansas in charge of the Sergeant-at-Arms and attended by said committee, which shall have full power to carry the resolution into effect.

"*Resolved*, That the Senate will, at 1:30 to-day, attend in its chamber the exercises incident to his funeral, and that these resolutions be communicated to the House of Representatives."

The resolutions were agreed to unanimously, and the Vice President announced as the committee on the part of the Senate Messrs. Pefler, Dolph, Paddock, Ransom, and Palmer.

The Senate then, on motion of Mr. Sherman, took a recess till 1 p. m.

Shortly before 1 o'clock the Cabinet officers and assistant secretaries of the Executive Departments began to arrive and were shown to the President's room. Among them were Secretary Blaine, Secretary Rusk, Assistant Secretary of War Grant, Solicitor-General Taft, and Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury Spaulding and Nettleton. The President, accompanied by Private Secretary Halford, arrived a few minutes past 1 and joined the others in the President's room. Mrs. Harrison, escorted by Lieut. Parker, of the Navy, occupied a seat in the reserved gallery.

At 1:20 Capt. Bassett, the Doorkeeper, announced the Speaker and members of the House. The Speaker was escorted by Sergeant at Arms Valentine to the seat on the right of the Vice President and the members filed in and took seats assigned to them on the Democratic side of the chamber. The number included many of the older members of the House who had known Senator PLUMB for years. Five minutes afterwards the members of the Diplomatic Corps—some twenty-five in number—not wearing their official uniforms, arrived and were shown their seats in front of the members of the House. They were followed by the Chief Justice and Justices of the Supreme Court, who took seats in front of the Diplomatic Corps. At exactly half-past 1 Capt. Bassett announced the presence of the President of the United States and his Cabinet.

The Senators and spectators stood up to do them honor as

they had done also in the case of the Diplomatic Corps and of the Supreme Court). President Harrison and the members of the Cabinet were shown to the arm chairs on the right of the area, President Harrison nearest the central aisle and Mr. Blaine next to him.

At 1:40 the official committee, escorting the body of the dead Senator, appeared at the main entrance, and while all in the chamber arose the procession moved up the aisle, the Chaplain reciting the opening sentences of the funeral service: "'I am the resurrection and the life,' saith the Lord." The casket, borne by Capitol police, was deposited on the catafalque in front of the Clerk's desk.

The floral decorations consisted of a sheaf of palms and a large bunch of orchids sent by Senator Quay, a wreath of white carnations and roses from the Loyal Legion of Washington City, a pillow of ivy leaves with the corners decorated with violets and roses, sent by the Senator's friends here. Resting on the lid of the casket was a wreath of white immortelles from Chief Clerk Fred A. Stocks, of the Treasury Department.

The Chaplain finished from the Clerk's desk the reading of the funeral service and appropriate selections from the Scriptures, closing with the recitation of the poem:

> Oh, to be ready when death shall come;
> Oh, to be ready to hasten home.

Then he closed with a prayer, in which he offered thanks for a a risen Saviour, for a reigning Lord, and for a Kingdom that shall survive death. The strong and noble man had fallen, but he had left the record of a useful life.

When the prayer was concluded the Vice-President rose and said: "The Sergeant-at-Arms, under the direction of the committee, will execute the order of the Senate and escort the remains of the late Senator PLUMB to his home in Kansas."

Then, with the whole assemblage standing in respect for the deceased, the procession was re-formed and the body of the dead Senator was borne out to be taken to the railroad station.

The body, preceded by the Congressional committee, was then carried through the corridors to the east front of the Capitol, and thence down the many steps of the marble stairway to the hearse.

Following the remains came the Senators and Representatives, who formed by twos, with Vice-President Morton at the head, and accompanied the body on foot to the station.

The President and his Cabinet and other distinguished persons were ushered to their carriages and joined the procession.

The march to the station occupied a little less than half an hour. The route was through the Capitol grounds, Pennsylvania avenue, and Sixth street to the Pennsylvania Railroad station. Crowds of people passing on the Avenue stopped to view the procession. Arriving at the station, the members of the Senate and many other friends of the dead Senator went inside and ranged themselves in two lines along the side of the car in which the body was to be placed. The casket, preceded by the Congressional committee, was then conveyed to the car. The Congressional committee had a special car for their use during the trip. The names of the Senate Committee have been given previously. The House Committee consisted of Messrs. Broderick and Funston, of Kansas; Cate and Peel, of Arkansas; Youmans, of Michigan; Post, of Illinois, and Cogswell, of Massachusetts. The two cars were attached to the Columbian express train, which left the city at 3:25 o'clock.

EDITORIAL NOTICES ON SENATOR PLUMB'S DEATH.

PERTAINING TO THE SENATOR'S DEATH.

[Extracts from the Emporia (Kans.) Daily Republican.]

Of all the men holding a foremost place in public life in 1891, few seemed less likely to soon leave this life than PRESTON B. PLUMB, the senior Senator from Kansas. Conspicuously powerful in appearance and in all his methods of work and action he seemed certain to survive all assaults save those of the ultimate years of man's allotted time. The announcement of his sudden death, therefore, came to the country as a terrible shock. The news seemed incredible, and wonderment gave way only after a full explanation. The wonder then became that he had so long survived. It developed that, as a direct result of his extraordinary labors, his unequaled application to public and private duties, he had suffered an impairment of the nervous system to such an extent as to bring him direct warnings of the end. For some time he had occasionally suffered a partial or complete temporary prostration of the governing forces of the body, and those nearest him had warned him frequently of his danger. The fall campaign in Kansas in 1891 drew from the Senator a remarkable series of addresses delivered at a great expense of time and strength in all parts of the State. Following the campaign he made a hurried trip to Montana and then returned to Washington to resume his legislative labors. What he did in the first weeks of the session indicated clearly that he had outlined for himself an unusually arduous year's work. Nearly all his former colleagues in Kansas had failed of reëlection and his duties were, therefore, many

times multiplied by reason of the inexperience of his new associates. With dauntless courage he entered on the new legislative struggle. But he could not ignore the danger signals which came to him. He concluded to take counsel of physicians in Philadelphia and went to that city for that purpose. Dr. Pepper advised immediate and absolute rest and accentuated his advice in the strongest possible manner. The Senator returned to Washington determined to follow Dr. Pepper's directions. His mind was fully made up to take rest, regardless of the countless demands on him. Returning from Philadelphia he reached Washington at about 7 o'clock in the evening of Saturday, the 19th day of December, 1891. Having had no dinner he left his lodgings and went to Chamberlin's hotel for a lunch. There he met several gentlemen with whom he chatted pleasantly until after midnight. His friends of the evening remembered afterwards an unusual shade of repressed melancholy in his remarks and his demeanor, though his conversation was as interesting as ever. The Senator left his friends, returned to his rooms, and, after writing a few lines to his private secretary, retired. At about 2 o'clock of Sunday morning (December 20) the Senator called Mr. Jennings, the proprietor of the house in which his rooms were, at No. 612 Fourteenth street, and asked him to summon a physician, as he was suffering from intense pain in his head. Dr. Philip Wales soon arrived and administered, by hypodermic injection, a powerful sedative, from the effects of which the sufferer fell into a deep sleep. He continued unconscious until half-past 6 o'clock in the morning, when he sprang from his bed with a violent nausea. When this had ceased the Senator put his hands to his head, as if in excruciating pain, and exclaimed, "Oh, my God! my head! my head!" These were his last words. He soon lost consciousness, sleeping again heavily. Later in the morning Mr. B. F. Flenniken, the Senator's secretary,

arrived and at once felt great alarm. He sent again for Dr. Wales, who pronounced the case one of apoplexy. At 10 minutes of 12 o'clock the Senator died.

There were present at the moment of death Mr. Flenniken, Dr. Wales, and Mr. Jennings. Instantly the sad news spread over the city and almost as quickly it went to all parts of the country as a telegraphic bulletin and by private messages. The modest apartments where the dead Senator lay were immediately visited by thousands of interested citizens. Among the first to arrive was Mr. Secretary Rusk, whose unrestrained expressions of love and admiration for the dead Senator and grief at his untimely death were most touchingly eloquent. Many Senators, Cabinet officers, and other officials and finally the President called to express their sorrowful surprise.

The immediate members of the bereaved family though far apart were soon reached. Mrs. Plumb and her eldest daughter were at home in Emporia. Mr. Amos H. Plumb, the eldest son, was in Philadelphia. Miss Ruth Plumb was in Topeka and the young son and daughter, Preston Morrill Plumb and Caroline Plumb, were at their respective schools in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Plumb and Mr. Amos Plumb were in poor health, Mrs. Plumb having that day attended church for the first time in months. All absent members of the family were able to start for home at once and did so.

THE WORDS OF A STANCH FRIEND.

[Hon. Frank Hatton, in the Washington Post.]

In the death of PRESTON B. PLUMB the country loses an eminent and patriotic citizen, the Republican party one of its earliest, ablest, and most consistent leaders, the United States Sen-

ate an honest and courageous statesman. To the State of Kansas the sudden close of his honorable and useful life, so conspicuously marked by a faithful devotion to the interests of his constituents, will be a calamity indeed. To the host of friends whom the Senator had gathered about him his decease will be an irreparable loss, for these best knew the inner depths and true nobility of his character. He was as true to his sense of personal honor as he was to his sense of public duty, and in both respects he was irreproachable.

Mr. PLUMB took his seat in the Senate in 1877 and rapidly rose to distinction in legislation and debate. There he found a theater worthy of his powers, and no member of that august body ever consecrated himself to its duties with a more conscientious spirit or acquitted himself of their performance with more constant and sterling fidelity.

The deceased Senator was a man of pronounced convictions on all great questions, political or otherwise, and he was as fearless in their utterance as he was sincere in their entertainment. If not a gifted orator in the ordinary sense of the term, he was endowed with that greatest of all oratorical gifts, the power of commanding the attention of his hearers whenever he spoke and impressing his views clearly and durably upon the public intelligence. When he arose to address the Senate the country listened.

It was the rugged honesty of Mr. PLUMB, coupled with his admitted knowledge of affairs, that gave weight to his judgment and exacted the respect of his opponents. He was a hater of cant in all its forms. He had no use for shams of any sort. In the lexicon of his true and manly nature there was no such word as hypocrisy. As a Senator of the United States he based his action upon the same ingenuous and upright principles as those by which he governed his conduct as an untitled citizen. He was not a man of policies and expedients,

of compromises or concealments, either as legislator or politician.

The Senator will be remembered long and gratefully by the citizens of the District of Columbia for his disinterested and energetic labors in behalf of the welfare and progress of the National Capital. As a member of the Appropriations Committee and chairman of the subcommittee on District appropriations he had rendered efficient service, and his recent appointment as a member of the new District committee of the Senate was a subject of general congratulation.

Mr. PLUMB was a hard worker in and out of the Senate. No responsibility devolved upon him to be neglected or unfulfilled. No demand upon his time or services which he knew to be legitimate in itself was ever ignored. It is not too much to say that his public life was a life of laborious self-sacrifice in behalf of others. It was this constant strain in the line of dutiful endeavor that gradually undermined his strength and at last precipitated the crisis that sooner or later must overtake all men who, in the plenitude of a generous and ambitious zeal, make similar drafts upon their mental and physical powers.

Plain and unpretentious of manner, abounding in human sympathies, a lover of his kind and a lover of his country, Mr. PLUMB was essentially a man of the people. Yet the arts of the demagogue he held in thorough contempt. He was a representative American citizen, with exalted ideas of the obligations which citizenship imposes; he was a statesman to be trusted in any emergency; he was unfaltering in his loyalty to Republican principles; he was firm to faultlessness in his friendships; he stood squarely upon his merits as a man in all the relations of life, and he died leaving a worthy example, a fadeless memory, and a name without a blemish.

KANSAS AND THE NATION STRICKEN.

[Editorial in the Kansas City Journal.]

Since Lincoln fell no death has ever brought such grief to Kansas as that of PRESTON B. PLUMB, her senior Senator.

The death of James H. Lane was a shock to his many ardent personal adherents, but his countless bitter enemies could not mourn.

The death of President Garfield drew heavily on the sympathies of every citizen, but the loss did not quite come as a personal one.

The death of General Grant bowed the heads of thousands of his former companions of camp and field, but his work had been rounded to a perfect close.

Others have passed away who were loved or esteemed by Kansans for some near relation of a social, commercial, or political nature, but the loss has touched the few rather than the many. By the death of Senator PLUMB scarcely a citizen of the entire State will feel otherwise than as personally bereaved. He has left no citizen untouched, singly or in classes. He gave his hand to every man and said to him: "I am your servant; tell me what I shall do; tell me particularly what I shall do for you."

He had struggled with privation and poverty; therefore he knew the hearts of his fellows. He had braved all the hardships of frontier life; therefore he knew how his State had been made, and he forgot no part of the record or no individual of the many who were with him in that memorable making. He had been a worker at the craft of his choice, a printer, dependent on his toil for a living; therefore he knew the needs of all those of like situation. He had toiled at the treadmill of the press; therefore he knew how the people learn

and how they should be taught. He had triumphed in the practice of the law; therefore he knew of all the immeasurable stresses which are put on men who take the hazard of commercial fortunes. He had been close to the enchanted realms of wealth or within them, and he knew how much and how little to call them good; and, finally, he had borne the crushing burdens of the people in his work as their representative in the highest deliberative body of the world.

Year in and year out he had flung himself into his work with an energy almost unparalleled. He flinched from no undertaking, however arduous, and never asked for rest or recreation. It might have been better if he had. He assailed all public questions with an impetuous power almost amounting to fury. A task undone to him was an irritation and a challenge.

No wish of a constituent was counted as a trifle. To grind every grist and grind it fine was his habit.

This was the man in outline at all times. Who can fully appreciate what he became in the past year, when all his associates but one had been retired and their work had come to him? In him centered the hopes of hundreds of thousands, and up to him led the lines of thought of all his active and intelligent constituents, and this not alone of the State. The nation had come to consider him its own, and no community in the whole land will be without sadness at his demise.

Kansas will have the sympathy of her sister States. Her champion is gone, and no other can fully take his place. The times that bred him will never be repeated. The founding of the State will not be done twice. What has been has been, and time has set its seal.

PRESTON B. PLUMB has driven his name into the living rock which underlies his beloved Kansas, and there it will be read so long as her people know history.

WHY ALL KANSAS IS IN SORROW.

[Editorial in Kansas State Journal, Topeka.]

Death has struck its most savage blow at Kansas, as if in vengeance. Senator PLUMB is dead. At the very hour when the needs of the State were superlative and when his equipment was most complete, he is stricken down at his post of duty. The help that he was so able and so willing to give can not come to us. The bounty he was so eager to add to that already given his beloved people can not now be ours. His long years of usefulness, filled with every form of generous action, have come to an end and there is no consolation.

We are bereaved indeed. He was the people's servant, but he was a fatherly servant. He served because he loved. Kansas was close to his heart. From the poorest wild flowers of the remotest prairie to the climbing dome of the capitol the State he helped to found was his pride and his joy. Himself a large part of the Titanic struggle for the planting of freedom on this soil, he had come down the subsequent years of our history hand in hand with our prosperity, sounding our virtues, concealing our faults, fighting our battles, and rejoicing with our joys.

His clear vision, aided by the lamp of experience, which burned so brilliantly for him, saw far ahead the course of the ship of state and his steady hand set the rudder right.

He was a plain man, a man of the people. Without arrogance, he vaunted not himself. The more his power grew the more he seemed to feel that it was of the people and for the people. He never posed as the author of his own greatness and never demanded homage in return for his good deeds. He kept no books with his fellow citizens. He did not set down either charges against others or credits for himself. He felt the

swift rush of the current of life and knew there was no time except for doing good. He did not sufficiently know the limit set on human strength and human endeavor, so swift was he and so powerful in the race of life. There seemed to be nothing he could not do and little that he left undone, except to care for his own health. His friends no doubt shared his own thoughtlessness as to his reserves of vitality and drew on him too heavily. Though many of them spoke to him at one time or another of his overwhelming burdens it was more to express surprise at his power than fear for his safety.

And so he went on to the end. Doing for all, caring for all, his mind full of his people—of both State and nation—he wore himself out and fell at is post. Kansas will not know his like again and will not forget him while her history lasts.

OUR GREAT LOSS.

[Hon. C. V. Eskridge, in Emporia Republican.]

The announcement of the sudden and totally unexpected death of our senior United States Senator comes as a shock and a blow to Kansas. The entire nation will be grieved as well as startled at the sad intelligence, but in Kansas the feeling is one of personal bereavement and inexpressible sorrow.

No other public official of the State held so high a place in the affections of all the people. No other official was so generally useful or so nearly indispensable. Years of patient, faithful, self-sacrificing service had gained for him the confidence and the gratitude of citizens of every county and township. Men who radically differed from him politically esteemed and admired him personally. In season and out of season he labored for the good of the people he represented, and his great public services were universally recognized and appreciated.

His reputation had come to be national, and his name was frequently mentioned in connection with the highest office in the gift of the American people. The thoroughgoing business habits which he took with him into official life made him a most useful man in the Senate and gave him a standing among his colleagues which few occupied. It was generally conceded that when PLUMB had sifted any practical subject he had got all there was in it, and his statements of fact were seldom questioned. While others studied rhetoricals and attitudes, he plodded through figures and departmental reports and got at the groundwork and substance of national problems. His reputation was that of a business Senator; and never was a reputation more faithfully won or better deserved.

In his home town and county, Senator PLUMB was known as a public-spirited citizen and kind neighbor. He always met the most humble of his fellow citizens with a genial familiarity that made them feel he was one among them and could be approached without ceremony or embarrassment. As multitudinous as were the demands made upon his time, he never ignored the request of any constituent or failed to do what he reasonably could to have the request granted. Official duties took him from home most of the time, but he was always interested in home affairs and seldom if ever refused to contribute to home charities and public enterprises. His afflicted and stricken family will have all the heartfelt sympathy which a sorrowing people can bestow. The loss falls deeply upon the nation, the State, the county, and the town, but to the family it is crushing and irreparable.

Hon. PRESTON B. PLUMB was born in Delaware County, Ohio, October 12, 1837. He resided in Ohio until 1856 and received his early education in the common schools of that State. He came to Kansas in June, 1856, locating, in the fall of that year, in Saline County. The winter of 1856–'57 he

spent in Lawrence and in March, 1857, located in Emporia. He was one of the original town company. He had been bred as a printer and educated as a journalist, and established The News, the first number being issued June 6, 1857. His connection with the paper continued until 1862. He was admitted to the bar in 1861 and commenced the practice of law. In 1862 he recruited two companies for the Eleventh Kansas regiment and was mustered into service as second lieutenant August 12, 1862. He was successively promoted to captain, to major, and to lieutenant-colonel, and was mustered out at Fort Leavenworth September 30, 1865. He returned to Emporia and resumed the practice of law. He was elected to the State Legislature in 1866 and reëlected in 1867. In the fall of 1867 he formed a law partnership with Judge Ruggles, under the firm name of Ruggles & Plumb, and continued the practice of law until the dissolution of the partnership in 1872. He subsequently engaged in manufacturing and coal-mining at Osage. In January, 1873, he was elected president of the Emporia National Bank. He was elected to the United States Senate in February, 1877, and reëlected in 1883. In 1889 he was reëlected for a third term, practically without opposition, he being in Washington at the time. He had still four years of unexpired term to serve at the time of his death. For the honorable career of Senator PLUMB as a citizen of Kansas, the reader is referred to the history of the State with which his life is interwoven. As a journalist, a public-spirited citizen, and an ardent champion of his State, his name is inseparably connected with all that gives a Kansan pride.

Of the many eminent names enrolled upon the State's record of great men, none stands higher, either from the standpoint of a citizen or public servant, than that of PRESTON B. PLUMB of Emporia.

But a few brief days ago Senator PLUMB bade adieu to his

Emporia friends and his family and departed for Washington to continue his labors in behalf of Kansas and the nation. To-day Emporia is in the habiliments of mourning to receive back all that remains of the once strong man and eminent leader. To Kansas he was a most worthy citizen and representative, a statesman of whose high abilities the whole State was justly proud; to Emporia he was more; he was our townsman, our friend, our benefactor, and our chief pride. Other communities will regret the State's loss; Emporia will mourn for him with a grief akin to personal bereavement. He belonged to Kansas, it is true, but he was from Emporia and of Emporia, and Emporia's claim was a little stronger and her affection a little deeper than that of any other community. When here he was among his neighbors and his personal friends, among the people with whom he had associated as a private citizen, who knew him best and esteemed him most. Here was his abiding place, the one spot on earth—as he himself expressed it—that he called home, where he expected to spend the remainder of life when his official duties were ended and where he intended that his bones should be buried. Emporia has watched his public career from its beginning with solicitude and with admiration. She has rejoiced in his successes and hoped for him yet greater honors to come. Now she bows in deepest sorrow to a fate no power can alter and shares the poignant grief that weighs down a stricken family.

THE CAREER OF SENATOR PLUMB.

[Hon. Jacob Stotler, in the Sumner County Press.]

The writer first met the late Senator PLUMB in March, 1856. He was one of the publishers of the Xenia (Ohio) News. He advertised for a foreman and we rode across the country 18

miles from our old home and got a job. Here commenced a warm friendship which lasted with little interruption for thirty five years. He was then a slim, awkward boy of 19, but with the same habits of industry that characterized his entire career. We were told by his employes that we would not stay in the office three weeks; that PLUMB was hard to get along with, etc. He was always exacting, but he was fair and just. He hated a lazy man or a shirk all his life. We found no difficulty in getting along with him. In 1856 the local department of the country newspaper was little known. PLUMB conducted a column in his paper under the striking head, "Our Pine Box." The name was a misnomer for PLUMB, because we do not believe he ever sat on a store box long enough to catch an item. He rather caught them on the fly. We never knew much of his younger days. He rarely made allusions to himself at any time. We learned he came from Union County, Ohio, to Xenia; that he was born in Delaware County, same State, October 12, 1837; that he had been at an Episcopalian school there and learned his trade in the office of a paper of that faith while securing his schooling. We learned what we knew of him from a younger brother, Josephus, who was with him in the Xenia office. This boy was one of the most religious and conscientious youths we ever met. He had great faith in Preston, as he called him, but sometimes had to rebuke the future Senator for slight deviations from the straight and narrow way. The editor had great love for the younger brother.

In the Xenia News office Mr. PLUMB began his earnest life work. He took to politics naturally. The old paper there was published by Robert McBratney, who afterwards came to Kansas and died some years ago. The young editor had an ambition to beat his competitor on all occasions and generally did so. We remember that in the summer of 1856 he went into the party convention and overturned the plans of McBratney

and the politicians and won a substantial victory for his new paper. While he was full of the life and fun of youth, his associates in Xenia were mostly men considerably older than himself. Even then he was consulted by the leading men of the town. His power to see the effect of action was always wonderful. Among his schoolfellows and neighbors when a boy he was the leader. An accident happened to him when a boy which nearly cost him his life and must have impressed him with the importance of being more cautious. There was some sort of a celebration, and among the attractions was a tame bear chained in a barn. This was fun for the boys, and young PLUMB entered fully into the sport of teasing the young animal. He ventured too close and was caught and nearly torn to pieces. The great scars on his legs and body he carried to his grave.

The political excitement in Ohio that year over the Kansas struggle was at fever heat. The late Granville Moody was the Methodist preacher for Xenia. He was an agitator and fighter. He stirred the young men and old and he and PLUMB were friends. When the Frémont campaign was on, the young editor entered into the spirit of the struggle with all the enthusiasm of his nature. He was literally working himself to death even at that date to establish his paper and make it the leader. We know of his working three nights in a week all night. In broken health he came into the office one day and announced his intention of going to Kansas. "When will you go?" "To-morrow." And he went. He traveled over the territory mostly on foot, going as far west as where Salina now stands, where he and others laid out a town, I think, which they named Mariposa, in honor of Frémont. When he went he was for noninterference with slavery. When he returned he was a thorough abolitionist and for a fight if necessary. He had no patience with or respect for the timeserving

and slavery-worshiping administration which was using all its power to force slavery on Kansas by fair means or foul. His health had so far improved in the six or seven weeks' trip and he had become so robust and bronzed that his Xenia friends hardly recognized him. From that time on his whole life was for Kansas. Sacrificing his interests in Xenia he raised a small company for the Kansas service and was chosen its leader. That company came through most of the way on foot. It had charge of a cannon from Iowa City, which was delivered safely at Topeka. At one time they were pressed and buried their gun. At another time there was a mutiny in the company, which was speedily suppressed by Mr. PLUMB and one of his faithful friends.

During the winter Mr. PLUMB and his Mariposa friends had to abandon their quarters in the far West and retreat to Lawrence to keep from starving. Here for a time he worked at the printers' trade and fell in with a party who were about to lay out the new town of Emporia. He agreed for his part to start a paper to speak for the interests of the wonderful new city. Returning to Ohio in March, 1857, he induced a number of young men, including the writer, to go to the new town. The first number of the Emporia News was issued June 6, 1857. The new town was 75 miles from Lawrence, the leading town in the Territory, and the embryo Senator not infrequently made the trip on foot.

Mr. PLUMB was a born leader. At the new town nothing could be done without him. His guiding hand was in everything. He was poor and all were poor, but the interests of Emporia were always kept in the front. PLUMB had railroad men, merchants, professional men, mechanics, and manufacturers there all the time looking at the new city. No railroad meeting in any part of the Territory was allowed to pass without an Emporia representative. So, with political movements,

Emporia was in everything. His activity begat enemies, who occasionally made sorties against him, but they retired always from the contest worsted. The *News* was a surprisingly well-edited paper. It took rank at once with the best in the Territory, and never occupied a doubtful position on any question. PLUMB seemed to know everything at twenty, and what surprised his friends was where he learned so much, because his educational advantages were limited. His power as a writer was recognized all over the Territory. At home he was the center around which the scattered settlement largely revolved. If the boys had a little fun on hand, PLUMB was in it. If the community was in any sort of trouble, the first question was, "Where is PLUMB?" If he was not at home he was sent for. We remember that in 1861 there were frequent incursions of bushwhackers in the southeastern part of the State. Humboldt, an outpost, was sacked twice. The leader of this gang was a desperado named Matthews. The settlers on the lower Neosho appealed to their brethren farther up the river for help. PLUMB was ready in a few hours. With nineteen Emporia boys he was riding rapidly to the scene of trouble. By the time they arrived the bushwhackers had retreated to where Cherokee County now is. Quite a force of settlers had gathered from different quarters. It is probable that here PLUMB and the late General Blunt first met. They resolved at once to pursue Matthews. The result was that Matthews never again troubled the settlers or anyone else. Here PLUMB and Blunt smelt the first blood of the war.

Mr. PLUMB'S father and his family followed the son to Kansas. They settled on the Neosho, near Emporia. Their affection for the son was very great and it was reciprocated. The father was a quiet man of sterling qualities. He is still living at Emporia. The mother died a few years ago. She was a woman of superior intelligence and strong will power. These

old people seemed to be of the Puritan stock. Miss Ellen Plumb has been in the book business in Emporia for twenty years or more, and is a most excellent woman. The brother spoken of in the beginning of this article died soon after their arrival, and the loss was seriously felt by all the family. One brother, William J., has been in Nevada or Idado for many years. George Plumb is a farmer near Emporia. Arthur is a merchant at Reading. He has been in the legislature. The youngest child, Mary, is the wife of Perry Edwards, a farmer near Emporia.

He soon determined to leave the newspaper and to study law. He attended lectures two winters at Cleveland. Returning to Emporia in 1861, he opened a law office. He told the writer it was not much of a law office, with a rude table and some store boxes for seats, but that the office was as good as the lawyer. During this time his health was precarious. He had frequent and severe hemorrhages of the lungs, and it was feared he would not recover. In 1862 the war fever seized him. He was a warm admirer of Gen. Tom Ewing, and when that gentleman was authorized to raise the Eleventh Kansas Infantry PLUMB joined him and raised two companies at Emporia and surrounding country. He threw all his energy and zeal into this movement and was very efficient in assisting Gen. Ewing. He served until the close of the struggle and came out brevet colonel. In the service he regained his health. In fact, it seems to have saved his life for the honorable and useful career before him. Coming out of the war he formed a partnership with the late Judge Ruggles, and won distinction and success at the bar. In this he worked day and night. No task or duty ever staggered him. The firm had a business in the last two or three years of its existence only surpassed by one in the young State. His next undertaking was banking. He had induced Ohio friends and others to invest in a bank, and,

the returns not being satisfactory, they finally demanded he should take the management of the concern. He did so, and the result was another success. The bank soon took rank among the best in the State. Mr. PLUMB had secured considerable wealth by his habits of industry and economy and by fortunate speculations. He was a money maker. He possessed a foresight in this respect which was wonderful. At the close of the war he said to a friend, "There is going to be a chance to make some money in the next five or ten years which neither of us may ever have again. I have determined to avail myself of it. I shall devote all my energy and powers in securing my share of it. We have had a good time as boys together in Emporia; now we are men, and it is time for us to do something for ourselves. I shall pursue this course and I advise you to do the same." He carried out his programme and won. He had not made anything out of his town speculation. He gave away the most of his lots. At the close of the war he was not worth over $3,000. He had an intuitive knowledge of investments. In twenty years he had an immense fortune.

Senator PLUMB held the following official positions: Member of the Leavenworth constitutional convention, 1858; reporter of the supreme court in 1861, which he vacated by resignation; representative in the legislature in 1862; representative and speaker in 1867; representative in 1868; elected United States Senator in 1877, and reëlected in 1883 and 1889, practically without opposition in his party. His candidacy in 1877 was purely the work of his friends. He did not believe he could succeed, saying that his time had not come to run for so high an office. Just preceding this he had spent ten or twelve years in the law and banking business, had paid little attention to politics, and was not so well known as formerly. He however yielded to the solicitations of friends who sincerely desired to see him in the Senate and who maintained

that defeat, if it came, would not hurt him. Mr. PLUMB had always been an ardent admirer of Horace Greeley and had voted for him for President in 1872. Old-time Republicans predicted this act would hurt him in the race, and it did. Had it not been for that vote he would have made a better race, if, indeed, he had not secured his election. He was recognized by all as in many respects the ablest and best man in the race at the time. As it was, he and his friends made a clean and spirited fight and retired in most excellent condition, leaving all interests friendly and Mr. PLUMB in most excellent shape for the next contest. In 1877, after a stubbornly fought contest, he was elected on the sixteenth ballot. No man ever had more ardent supporters than he. His course in the Senate is so well known by the people of the State that it need hardly be mentioned. No State ever had a more efficient, faithful, or truer representative in that body. From the day he entered the Senate he grew. He was better acquainted with people personally than any Kansas politician has ever been. He lived near them and he worked for them. No man ever wrote to him who did not get an answer, which stated frankly what could or could not be done for him. He kept himself constantly in accord with the public sentiment of the State. From this he largely shaped his course. He was in constant correspondence with hundreds of his constituents, asking about the condition of the crops or this or that interest. He had an interest in everything that pertained to his State. He began to study it in 1857. He knew more about it than anyone else. He was careful and painstaking in everything, but in nothing more than in gathering information about Kansas. He perceived it to be his duty to be representative of Kansas interests. In this regard he was the highest type of a Senator. While taking a general interest in national affairs and everything in

general debate, he was preëminently a representative of his own people.

The people of Kansas have lost a valuable friend, one whose place will probably never be filled, and the sorrow is universal. The whole State is in mourning. He has more personal friends in Kansas than any other man ever had. On the 8th of March, 1867, at Ashtabula, Ohio, Mr. PLUMB married Miss Caroline Southwick. The fruits of this marriage were six children, who, given in order, are as follows: Mary, Amos, Thomas, Ruth, Caroline, and Preston. Thomas died February 1, 1872; Preston is attending school at Nazareth, Pa., and Caroline at Lititz, Pa. Both, in company with Amos, who was under medical treatment in Philadelphia when the news reached him, started for Emporia at once, to be at the funeral of their father.

Senator PLUMB literally made himself what he was. His career shows the possibilities of American citizenship to him who is willing to seize his opportunities and use them for all they are worth. He was a great student as well as a great worker. He had a wonderfully retentive memory. The sensible practical part of everything was made useful by him. He was little in society. He had not much time for the ordinary forms of social life. But people were endeared to him in high degree for his worth as a man and his work for them. His work is finished. It was a life mastery of everything that came before him for action. His career stands out in the broad, bright light of genius, of energy, of devotion to duty. His name is written in colors that will last in the high places of the nation and on the hearts of the people. Had he lived ten years longer he would have been President.

HOW WE BURIED HIM.

[Hon. M. M. Murdock, in the Wichita Daily Eagle, December 26, 1891.]

In company with many fellow citizens, we went up to bury the friend of the many. Having for the last time looked upon his great, kind, rugged face, which held only the gentle repose of a natural, restful sleep, we left him, all alone, out in the sad prairie, down four feet under the cold weight of the coarse gravel of a bleak knoll, whose brown-gray summit overlooks the scenes of his life's supremest struggles and freshest hopes; clustering along whose lower slopes are the ties and interests of the homes and institutions for which his loyalty never wavered, and for the rude foundations of whose commonplace superstructures he held a more abiding love, a truer pride, than for even those which in magnificence inclose the crypt, the marble floors, and sustain the mighty dome of the Nation's Capitol. This friend of the many was thus left there, all alone, in the gloom of the waning day, while the many who had by him been befriended stood disturbed, vexed, and discontented, to be whirled, full soon, homeward, away through the night, to face again, with mayhap a more subdued ambition, the problems and duties of life. The day had been a perfect one in its mocking glory of warm sunshine, but as the hard clods fell heavily down over the quiet face and unresisting breast of him whom we all were so loath to leave to such loneliness, the protecting arch of heaven's blue depths were suddenly veiled in troubled clouds like folds of mourning crape, and as the dark came down the lamenting winds, in an increasing chill, swept with regretful sighs that desolate spot, deserted by the living for the dead.

THE STORY OF THE SENATOR AND THE ACTOR.

Mr Alexander Butts in the Kansas City Star.

Charles D. Reade, the assistant sergeant-at-arms of the United States Senate, who had charge of the Congressional party that attended the funeral of the late Senator PLUMB, was for a number of years the personal friend of the man whose body he escorted to its last resting place.

Reade introduced Senator PLUMB to "Billy" Crane, whose character in "The Senator" is a study of the Kansas Senator.

"I have been wondering for the last day or two," remarked Reade, last evening, on the train returning from Emporia, "whether 'Billy' Crane will ever play 'The Senator' again. I introduced PLUMB and Crane. It was like this: Crane is an old friend of mine, and one evening when he was playing in Washington I was sitting in his dressing room. He had been telling me that he and Robson were to part company and that he was to stage a play himself, but he did not tell me what the play was to be. During the course of the evening he remarked that he would like much to meet some members of the United States Senate. I told him that if he would do me the honor to dine with me I would introduce him to a number. He consented at once, and I arranged a little dinner party.

"The repast was spread in the private rooms of the Senate restaurant. I invited a little party. Hale was there and Blackburn and half a dozen others. PLUMB was invited, but he was very busy that afternoon and did not get there until we had reached crackers and coffee. When PLUMB arrived Crane at once devoted his attention to PLUMB. The two got away from the rest of the party and sat for a long time at a little side table. After that Crane came into the Senate chamber

every day while he remained in Washington and sat there with his eyes fixed on PLUMB. I could not imagine why he was so greatly interested in the gentleman from Kansas.

"A week or two after he had first presented his new play I saw Crane at the Star theater, New York. I sat and watched the first act and then went behind. 'Billy,' I said, 'I see now why you were studying PLUMB so closely.' He laughed and pointed to his mirror. Just above it was nailed a large portrait of Senator PLUMB.

"The first time Crane produced 'The Senator' in Washington he said that he would much like to meet PLUMB again, and I told him that I would see if I could arrange it. I did not know how PLUMB would feel about it. All the critics had at once recognized PLUMB in Crane's Senator, and there had been a great deal of newspaper gossip about it. I went to PLUMB, however, and asked him if he would accept an invitation to a dinner party to meet Crane again. He said that he would be delighted to do so, and so I gave the party. The dinner was served in the room of the Committee on Naval Affairs and there was a pleasant crowd present. In its way I think that it was one of the most unique dinner parties ever given. As host I, of course, sat at the head of the table. PLUMB was on my right and Crane upon my left. It was one of PLUMB'S playdays. He was in great spirits. He had to leave the table once to make a motion on the floor, but it was not a busy day with him and he gave up the whole afternoon to the dinner. Crane, as every one knows, is one of the fine, old-class, stage gentlemen, and a most entertaining entertainer. He told his stories as no one else can tell them, and so much had he entered into the spirit of his character of the Senator that he punctuated all his stories with unmistakable PLUMB gestures. Everyone at the table noticed it and enjoyed it hugely, no one so much, however, as PLUMB. He watched

Crane with roars of laughter. Not a motion of the actor escaped him. 'Good,' he would exclaim, as Crane did something characteristic of PLUMB. Crane, getting into the spirit of it, acted the Senator at the dinner table as perfectly as he ever acted it upon the boards.

"Then PLUMB would tell a story. It was his story-telling day. When PLUMB began to talk then Crane watched PLUMB even more closely than PLUMB watched Crane. Every now and then PLUMB would notice it, and, pausing in his story, would exclaim: 'Here, Crane, stop studying me,' in a manner that would send the whole party off into roars of laughter.

"It was a merry party. Poor PLUMB.

"Seriously, PLUMB said before we left the table that he wished it understood that he took no offense at Crane's placing his characteristics upon the stage. The play, he said, was a good one and one with a high moral, and the actor was a man whom he was proud to call his friend.

"As 'The Senator' Crane does not attempt to make up as PLUMB, although he wears the same style of beard PLUMB always wore, but he tried to mold every characteristic of his Senator to correspond to those of the man from Kansas. At first he appeared in the last act wearing a silk hat, but I remarked once that I never saw PLUMB wear a high hat in my life, and that night he put the high hat aside. I spoke to him once of how PLUMB used his handkerchief while speaking, and after that Crane mopped his face in the old way so familiar to all of PLUMB'S friends.

"Crane and PLUMB afterward became great friends and never missed a chance to get together, and, now that PLUMB is dead, I wonder what Billy is going to do with 'The Senator.'"

A CLOSE OBSERVER'S DESCRIPTION.

[Mr. W. B. Stevens, in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

Senator PLUMB was the most accessible man in public life. You rang the bell at the house on Fourteenth street and asked: "Is the Senator in?" The formula of reply was the same every time. The maid who answered the bell glanced at the door of the Senator's parlor. If the key was in the lock, she nodded. If the key was not in sight, she looked behind the door to see if it was hanging on the accustomed nail. If it was there she knew the Senator was not in and shook her head. If she nodded you stepped to the Senator's door and knocked. A genuine Western "Come in!" followed. And that was the whole ceremony of admission to Senator Plumb's presence. Nobody ever sent in a card a second time. If the Senator was "in" he was in to everybody. If he was "out" he was out in fact. For business or begging, for social call or curiosity, the latchstring hung on the outside.

When you stepped within you faced the rear elevation of a desk. This desk stood in the center of the room. Above it a rack of pigeonholes rose half way to the chandelier. On top of the pigeonholes were papers. Somebody was behind the desk and the pigeonholes. As the door closed behind you the Senator raised his head just high enough to see over the top of the rack, greeted you by name, said "Sit down," and then dropped his face to the pile of letters again. The picture of that face over the top of the desk will come back to many who had the common experience of those who called at Senator PLUMB'S room. The Senator had a way of dropping the lower jaw as he threw his head back, and there was a look of inquiring expectancy on his face.

Around the edges of the room were plainly upholstered chairs and sofas. They were always more or less occupied. Somebody was ever waiting to see the Senator. From one to half a dozen people had business with him. A revolving bookcase in a corner was packed full of volumes. There were letter files on the mantelpiece, newspapers on the floor, and a large print of Gladstone on the wall.

The Senator's methods of work rendered this accessibility possible. He could not have made himself so utterly free to all callers if he had been in the habit of doing one thing at a time. He did two, three, and four things at one time. Often and often he sat dictating letters to his stenographer, glancing over newspapers, and transacting business with callers. Was it any wonder that the tissue of the cells of the brain gave way under that kind of mental strain? There was no ordinary stenographer who could keep up with him, so he would dictate three or four sentences like a flash, turn in conversation for ten or fifteen seconds to his visitor and at the same time keep on opening and scanning newspapers. And here was the remarkable thing about his mind's operation. In the gaps between dictation he carried the thread of what he wanted to say in the letter. He carried the thread of conversation at the same time. Perhaps the latest remark of the visitor was made after the Senator had resumed dictation. The trained ear and busy mind caught it. When the dictation stopped the Senator went right on with the conversation. He did not repeat to his stenographer. He did not ask his visitor what he had just said. And the opening and reading of newspapers continued. The mind had triple capacity seemingly. This statement may be called incredible. Those who knew the Senator will verify it. Mr. PLUMB's fellow Senators often remarked upon this peculiar faculty or activity of mind. It was this which enabled him to carry so long "as much work as six men could have done and

preserve their lives," to quote the words of Senator Manderson. Of Napoleon the historians say he could read with one eye and write with the other; that is, he could carry two trains of thought in his mind at the same time. This extraordinary faculty Senator PLUMB possessed. Often he arose to address the Senate and as he did so would pick up from the desk in front of him paper after paper. The casual observer thought these were notes of what the Senator wanted to say. They were not. They were the letters of the morning's mail which he had gathered up and brought into the Senate chamber with him. He was actually addressing the Senate and at the same time going through his correspondence.

He took a thousand periodicals, and he bought more books than any other member of the Senate. Most of the periodicals were weekly papers. For the purchase of books he had a peculiar arrangement which he explained not long ago. One of the largest book-dealing houses in New York sent him monthly, or oftener, a descriptive list of everything received in stock since the former report. On this list the Senator checked all that aroused his interest. The list was returned to the dealer and the box of books came. It was seldom that the Senator's room did not contain one of these monthly or fortnightly consignments of the latest volumes. He went through the books in the same steam-enginelike way he did everything.

Senator PLUMB answered over 30,000 letters a year. Senator Manderson says: "A jury would probably find that Senator PLUMB was killed by his correspondents." While Congress was in session Mr. PLUMB'S letter mail never dropped below 100 a day and often it reached 200 a day. And all letters were answered. There are public men who have lithographed forms to meet ordinary demands of correspondents. They receive a letter and reply with one of these forms, tell

ing the correspondent his "request will receive due attention." This was not the kind of treatment Senator PLUMB gave. He was intensely and honestly practical. When anybody wrote asking him to do something he tried to do it if it was within the range of probable accomplishment. The Senator had letters from pension applicants, letters from homesteaders, letters from farmers who wanted seeds, from people who had suffered from Indian raids, letters from those who wanted appointments. Besides all of these classes whom he tried to serve he was in correspondence with people all over the country who wanted to exchange ideas. To this latter kind of correspondence he gave a great deal of time, for it was a cardinal principle with him to keep track of public sentiment. That was one reason why he received and read every Republican paper and and most of the other papers published in the State of Kansas. He could go through these newspapers with the practiced hand and eye of an old newspaper man, but he saw all that he wanted to see in every one of them. These newspapers were not taken to his committee room to be run over by a private secretary who might call the Senator's attention to what he thought interesting to him. To the day of his death they went to the Senator's rooms to be handled by him alone.

"I am representing the people of Kansas. They want these things, and they elected me to carry out their wishes." This is what the Senator said one day to some of the Eastern Republicans when they sought to influence him during the tariff and silver struggle in the last Congress. He made it his business to be in line with the sentiment of his State. He had that purpose in mind when he said this wholesale reading of his State papers was the best political investment he ever made. Kansas is a State where sentiment changes quickly. The rarefied atmosphere sweeping down from the Rocky Mountains inspires intellectual activity. Senator PLUMB

might be away for the best part of the year, but this constant contact with Kansas sentiment through the newspapers kept him in touch with his people. He grew stronger in their esteem every year. Quay used to say, with evident admiration: "He is the best politician of us all. He has got the local political conditions of his State at his fingers' ends all of the time."

Does any one ask for more definiteness about the load Senator PLUMB was carrying for his constituents? There are pending to-day in the Pension Office over 6,000 claims for Kansas in various stages of progress, all filed and pushed by Senator PLUMB. "Let me see; there was something I wanted to talk to you about," he said one morning as he came out of the Senate restaurant; it was less than a week before he died. As he walked slowly toward the Senate barber shop he said: "We have got to do something about this pension business. It is going too far. I think you could get up an interesting letter on the subject. I can furnish you with a lot of material." An indefinite engagement was made for the near future, but death came before it was fulfilled.

There was a conversation of some length on Thursday, the day the Senator went to Philadelphia to consult the specialist, Dr. Pepper. It related to the candidacy of Ex-Gov. George T. Anthony for the Interstate Commerce commissionership. The scene was a typical one for the Senator's room. Mr. PLUMB sat at his tall desk, without any vest and without a shirt collar. A great gray dressing gown, without ornamentation, plain as an army blanket and of not much finer texture, was thrown around him. He had not had time to go to breakfast. The hour was an early one for Washington. On the desk was a heap of typewritten answers to correspondents. Two ladies sat waiting in one corner of the room. Private Secretary Flenniken stood behind the Senator, taking memoranda of various Department matters to be attended to. Col. Manning sat at

the window waiting for a conference on a matter of business. A telegram was shown to the Senator. It prompted him to lay aside all other matters and enter into a confidential conversation. Only when he was greatly interested did he give his mind to a single line of thought. He talked for ten or fifteen minutes, going over the matter of Ex Gov. Anthony's candidacy and the opposition of Congressman Funston. There was no trace of anger in his manner. But in most earnest language the Senator expressed his regret that such personal differences had occurred. He told how a State's influence was crippled at Washington when representative men of the party fell out, as in this case. He described the effect of Mr. Funston's hostility toward Anthony at the White House. The question was not as to the truth of what Funston had charged. The fact that he had gone to the President and had protested showed the lack of harmony in Kansas and prompted the President to ignore the State in the matter of this appointment. The Senator deplored the action of Mr. Funston on the latter's account. He said that it could not but hurt the Representative in his district. He could not see how a man could so permit his personal resentment to injure himself.

This talk illustrated a phase of the Senator's character. His intensely practical nature enabled him to see the folly of anger, and it was very seldom that his temper got the better of him. There are not many people in Washington who ever saw Senator PLUMB really angry.

Mention has been made of the Senator at work at his desk before breakfast. That was a common custom with him. Less than a week before he died he arose one morning and dictated the answers to 105 letters before breakfast. Usually he dictated his letters to the stenographer in the afternoon. But he never allowed the typewritten copies to go out until he had read and revised every line. This was the work he most fre

quently did the first thing after he arose in the morning. He read closely every letter before it went out and he signed his name. Those who received letters mailed within the last three or four days before he died will notice the difference in the signature. The once strong, bold hand worked irregularly and tremblingly toward the last. The brain was failing.

Ex-Senator Ingalls made this rather surprising remark about Mr. PLUMB the other day: "There was no gush, no pathos, no reveries, nor reminiscences, nor retrospection about him. He was not by nature or habit a sentimentalist." It seems hardly possible that this is a correct quotation of Mr. Ingalls. There was no man in the Senate who enjoyed reminiscences more than did Senator Plumb. That was almost the only relaxation he gave himself and his enjoyment of it was infectious. He would at times throw everything aside and talk of the war as he had seen it, of the men he had known, of the places he had visited. His narrations were most vivid. A few nights ago he leaned back in his chair and for the last time told the story of Buck and Ball to Senator Paddock, of Nebraska, and another caller. The anniversary of the first and only issue of Buck and Ball was at hand. The Senator said he was going to celebrate it with a little dinner. "Paddock," he added, "you must be sure to be there. Don't make any other engagement for that night."

PLUMB'S regiment—he was then major—the Eleventh Kansas, had gone down into Arkansas for its baptism of fire. It carried a great 72-caliber weapon, which was loaded with a fearful charge of "buck and ball." Tom Ewing, the colonel, used to insist that his command ought to be classed as "light artillery." PLUMB said that when the Eleventh went out for target practice people moved over into the next county. At Cane Hill, hidden away in a log cabin on the outskirts of the village, the Eleventh found what was left of a country newspaper outfit.

It had been moved from Tahlequah, the Cherokee capital, and some of the letters were the Cherokee characters. The type was scattered in the dirt and the press was in fragments. PLUMB, Ross, (who voted against the impeachment of Andrew Johnson) and S. J. Crawford (afterwards governor of Kansas) were among the printers in the Eleventh. They gathered up the type, sorted it, and in the rest which followed the five days' running fight they proceeded to get out a newspaper.

"One of our first difficulties," said the Senator, as he told the story to the two listeners, "was to get enough big letters for the title. The boys who had been ahead of us had picked out the job type for initial letters and had carried them off. We chose the name of the paper to conform to our scanty stock of big type. The exigency of the font rather than the appropriateness suggested Buck and Ball. Short as it was we needed a letter or two. Crawford or Ross or somebody else whittled out the substitutes from a stick. We did not capitalize in all cases where it was needed and we used italics in the middle of words. It wasn't because we didn't know better. We finally got together enough type of various kinds to set up a six column form. By the time that was ready the old press had been tinkered into shape to run. The next thing was white paper. Some of the boys in another command had got hold of a lot of quartermaster blanks. These we traded for, agreeing to give one printed sheet for so many blank sheets. A few rolls of wall paper helped out. Altogether we managed to get the paper to print 1,500 copies on one side. Just as we were running off the last sheets word came that Hindman was approaching. We dropped everything right there and went into battle."

The Senator told of the fighting which ensued. In the movement of the troops Cane Hill was temporarily evacuated. As his men fell back through the village Maj. PLUMB could

not resist the temptation to have one more look at his temporary printing office. There lay the form and the press and half-printed edition of Buck and Ball. It seemed too bad to lose all that trouble.

"I hastily rolled the papers up in a bundle," said the Senator, "tied a cord around them, and carried the bundle to the door. The last ambulance was just being driven off. I hailed it, threw the bundle into the rear end of the wagon, and saw the team dash up the hill and away. I joined my men and we went in another direction. The next day we fought the battle of Prairie Grove, and two days afterwards we had our hands full with the wounded. The third day I went in search of my papers. The bundle was all right. Soon after we reoccupied Cane Hill. Once more we gathered up the type from the dirt, where the Confederates had scattered it, put the old ramshackle press together, set up the other side of the paper, and printed an account of the battle of Prairie Grove. The paper was dated the 6th. The battle of Prairie Grove didn't come off until the 7th, and that is how the discrepancy occurred. We got out and distributed the 1,500 copies of Buck and Ball. Our motto was: 'Kansas is Pisen to the Hull on 'Em.' We got that sentiment from a long-legged fellow who enlisted in the Eleventh as we passed through northern Arkansas, and who had an intense admiration for the way in which we invaded his State."

A man lay in a dazed condition in a Leadville boarding house. It was during the rush for fortunes, when that city was only a mining camp. Mountain pneumonia caught its victims and carried them over the divide like a whiff. This man's condition was that critical stage when a few hours' continuance at 1,100 feet altitude meant pneumonia and death. PLUMB, who was fortune-seeking in the camp, heard of the sick man. Twenty-five years before the two had been friends

and business associates in Kansas. Twenty years before they had differed and quarreled. They had not spoken to each other in all that interim, though their paths had crossed and recrossed. Perhaps hard words had been spoken to mutual friends. Into the sick man's room at early morning came PLUMB, without a word of previous intimation to pave the way. "You must get out of this," he said, after a look. A couple of hours later, the sick man, wrapped in blankets, was lifted down stairs and into a four-horse ambulance, which was worth money in those days. Over and down the mountain went the outfit to Park City, then the terminus of the railroad. The sick man was lifted into a special car. PLUMB was still by his side. He did not leave him until he saw him in a hotel in Denver and in the hands of people who would nurse him through. Then, with a "You'll be all right now," he was off. The two did not meet again for years. But the story explains why, on Sunday night, Richard J. Hinton walked the streets of Washington weeping like a child. The news of Senator PLUMB's death had just reached him.

"A strong man was PLUMB," said he whose life had been saved as described, and his voice shook with emotion, "in all senses and ways except taking care of himself. He gave generously of his vital forces and never balanced the spending. It was his ambition to serve well, and as he was conscious of ability to do so on a generous scale he was ambitious of a large place. Under a brusque, but never a rude exterior, he veiled one of the kindest of dispositions. He was a man of simple courage; he never could have known how to avoid or evade a danger or duty, physical or mental. No man despised mere conventionalism more than he did, and so he was at war with the fiction that the United States Senate is the finest of clubs. He made it a forceful arena and always held it in honor as a lofty forum. He was a man not afraid of his valet,

for he never dreamed of being a hero. He only strove to be a fully equipped, honest workman, the noblest human in our daily life. I had noticed in him of late a milder judgment; less of the Berserker, a more genial balancing of will and action."

Senator PLUMB had a creed. He did not believe much in saints and he found some good in all sinners. One time, when there was a wave of denunciation against the Mormons sweeping over the country and prompting the most severe legislation, the Senator told a story. After the war closed, PLUMB and the Eleventh Cavalry were sent out to fight Indians on the plains. They continued at this service until they were almost the last volunteer troops to be mustered out. While thus engaged they camped one night not far from a band of Mormon converts on their way to Salt Lake. The soldiers learned that smallpox had broken out in the Mormon caravan; that the people had remained in camp some days. There was a suspicion that the party might be in some distress. PLUMB left his soldiers and went down to the Mormons. He met an elder in charge of the converts. After he had looked at the sick and had arranged to supply their immediate necessities, PLUMB entered into conversation with the elder.

"I found him," he said, "a plain, simple man, and I drew him out. I got him into conversation about his religion, about the motives which prompted him to go on a mission to these people, to labor with them, and to start with them across the plains for Salt Lake. We sat there talking well into the night. I finally left the elder, satisfied in my mind that his motives were pure and good and that he was honestly trying, in his own way and according to his own light, to do the best he could for humanity. That was the first time I had ever had an opportunity to study these peculiar people. I made the most

of it; and ever since then, while condemning some of their practices—as all of us must—I have felt that they were at least entitled to be credited with a certain honesty of purpose."

Mr. Ingalls must be mistaken in another respect. Nobody who witnessed the evident pleasure with which Senator PLUMB greeted a friend he had not seen for twenty years would say he was without sentiment. And the number of these old acquaintances who hunted up the Senator was further proof that he was not cold-blooded. In his busiest hours the Senator welcomed the partners of his pioneer days. He would leave the company of fellow Senators under almost any circumstances to "have a talk with a man I haven't seen since the war." He used to say to those old friends that it felt real good to "see them and rub noses awhile." One morning he laid down a letter with an ejaculation of pleasure, and turning told this story: "In 1857, before we had a post-office at Emporia, we used to leave messages in the cleft of a tree at the ford of the Neosho above town. A letter left there would in time reach the person to whom it was addressed, for everybody crossed at that ford and looked in the cleft of the tree. One day I found a note there for me. It was from a man who had left it to inform me he was tired of Kansas and was going back home. From that day to this I have never heard from him. I didn't know he was living until this morning I received this letter from him in Oregon." Then the Senator smiled, reread the letter, and put it away.

The world knows the story of how the marks of the smallpox came upon the Senator's face. He went, when no one else would, to the rescue of a poor homesteader who was dying in his claim shanty on the Kansas prairie thirty five years ago. But the world does not know that this Senator who had no "pathos" in his nature spent every year in never paraded charity twice the amount of his senatorial salary. When the peo

ple with whom the Senator lived put things in order a couple of days ago, after the funeral, they found in a drawer a bundle of crochet work for the holidays. They were mystified at first. Then they remembered that they had seen an old lady at the door with a basket of these articles trying to sell some of her handiwork. They remembered that on that same morning the Senator had come to them and got a quantity of change. Since then the old lady has come again, and she has told of her talk with the kind Senator and of his promise to buy all the crochet work she could make up to Christmas time.

There was another discovery which brought moisture to the eyes. In the Senator's room, after the removal of the remains, was found a collecton of holiday presents. The Senator had planned to have his son come down from school in Pennsylvania to spend the holidays with him, and he had found time in the midst of his public engagements to lay in a stock of surprises. Can a man who loved all children, as Senator PLUMB did, be said to have no "pathos," no "sentimentalism?" He did much of the work which came to him from the pure enjoyment it gave him to be helpful to others and without selfishness of motive. It was particularly a pleasure to him to see young men get along well. And he despised thoroughly anything which savored of cynicism. If there was one thing more than another which aroused the Senator's combativeness, it was when somebody who had soured on the world began to talk in a fault-finding, scornful, contemptuous way. He would let out on such a visitor with a vigor which was interesting to hear.

The gentleness and tenderness toward the invalid wife were beautiful. The Senator was of powerful mold. He had biceps like a blacksmith's. Sometimes when he went out in a hurry he slammed the door so that it could be heard from basement to attic. But in the presence of the frail wife and

mother the great strong man was another character. His voice took on a tone unusual to those who only knew him in public life. His movements were subdued and his manner indescribably delicate. His mental strength was known of all men. The goodness of his character was not worn upon his sleeve.

MANIFESTATIONS OF SORROW IN TOPEKA.

The funeral train passed from Washington to Emporia by way of the Pennsylvania, Missouri Pacific, and Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe lines. Along the route everywhere were manifestations of love and respect for the dead. At Kansas City the governor of Kansas and a large number of State officers and other distinguished citizens met the funeral train, which was at once attached to a special train on the Santa Fe provided by Hon. George R. Peck. At Lawrence an immense throng had gathered at the station, a special demonstration being made by the Grand Army posts of the city.

Long before 10 o'clock a. m., December 23, the hour at which the funeral train was expected to arrive in Topeka, the streets along the line of march of the funeral cortége were lined with men, women, and children, eager to obtain a view of the solemn procession. Business houses on Kansas avenue were draped in mourning and many of them were closed in respect for the honored dead. The public schools were dismissed, and the children flocked to the Statehouse and soon crowded the steps and filled the halls and corridors. Incoming trains brought large numbers of people from surrounding towns, who filled the hotel lobbies and helped to swell the crowds on the streets. A feeling of profound grief seemed to pervade the community.

When it was learned that the funeral train was late, the crowd, rather than take any chance of missing the opportunity of witnessing the procession, held its position on the street. The number steadily increased, until at noon it was next to impossible to move along the densely packed walks. It was 1 o'clock when the first gun was fired in the Statehouse Square announcing the arrival of the train, and at intervals of every thirty seconds from that time until the procession had made its slow journey from the depot to the Statehouse the heavy detonation of the cannon was heard.

After the arrival of the train the procession was formed with little delay and the march to the capitol was taken up.

Col. J. W. F. Hughes, chief marshal, and Chief of Police John Gardiner led the procession as it started from the station. Following them was a platoon of twelve Topeka policemen, commanded by Sergeant O'Rourke, and eighteen policemen from Kansas City, Kans., led by Capt. Porter. Marshall's military band, playing the "Dead March in Saul," followed; and next were the Knights Templar, sixty strong and in full uniform. The next in line were eighteen veterans, the little remnant of Col. PLUMB'S old regiment, the Eleventh Kansas. Following them marched the Royal Arch Masons. Company C, of the Kansas National Guard, followed, with arms reversed.

The honorary pallbearers, Hon. F. P. Baker, Judge F. G. Adams, Ex Gov. T. A. Osborn, Col. C. K. Holliday, Hon. George R. Peck, Judge J. B. Johnson, Dr. S. E. Sheldon, and Dr. M. O'Brien, were next in line.

The burial car, drawn by four black horses heavily draped, followed. The active pallbearers, eight in number, marched on either side. They were: Hon. J. K. Hudson, Maj. William Sims, Col. Joel Huntoon, Judge John Martin, Judge John Guthrie, Capt. C. M. Foulks, Frank P. MacLennan, and S. P. Wade.

The committee from the National Congress followed in carriages.

The four G. A. R. posts of Topeka marched in line, with Lincoln post No. 1 leading. They were followed by Old Abe camp, Sons of Veterans.

The procession was one of the longest ever seen in Topeka, and although the participants marched in close order the head of the procession had reached Sixth street before the last carriage left the depot.

Thousands gathered about the Statehouse as the procession neared the end of its journey and a deep silence fell over the vast crowd as the pallbearers with gentle hands bore the casket up the steps of the capitol building into the senate chamber. Topeka commandery Knights Templar had preceded them and as the pallbearers appeared with their burden the knights were drawn up in two columns on either side of the catafalque upon which the casket was deposited. The pallbearers took a parting view of the dead and passed out the near exit. The committees of Senators and Representatives passed through the chamber and after a short rest were conveyed to their hotel. The public was then admitted to the senate chamber and it is estimated that fully 15,000 people cast a parting glance at the dead Senator's face during the three hours following.

When the time arrived to continue the mournful journey to Mr. PLUMB's old home many thousands more massed about the entrances to the senate chamber and in the grounds surrounding the capitol. At 5 o'clock the casket was returned to the special Santa Fe train, accompanied by the procession, which re-formed in its original order and marched solemnly back to the railway station. The casket having been replaced in the funeral car the train resumed its journey.

OBSEQUIES AT EMPORIA.

The special train arrived in Emporia at 6:50 o'clock, December 23. The hearse was placed at the northwest corner of the depot and the members of the G. A. R. in Emporia formed in double lines from the hearse to the car containing the remains. Company E, Kansas National Guard, was also formed on the platform.

The G. A. R. members and old soldiers, under command of F. S. Domm, numbered three hundred, which, with Company E and the citizens and a committee from the Knights Templar, made fully three thousand people at the depot. A detail of the survivors of Col. PLUMB'S old regiment, the Eleventh Kansas, in charge of Lieut. W. V. Phillips, was made up as follows: Messrs. John Logan, Noah Gibson, John Ferren, Thomas Barber, B. F. Parker, Chris. Wise, J. G. Schoeck, N. Ryno, J. A. Newlin, and Isaac Newall. These ten men were the only members of Col. PLUMB'S regiment residing in Lyon County. The remaining survivors arrived later.

The procession was then formed, under the direction of Chief Marshal Col. J. M. Steele, in the following order:

G. A. R. Department Commander T. McCarthy and staff, constituted as follows: A. R. Greene, senior vice-commander; J. L. Spencer, junior vice-commander; A. B. Campbell, adjutant-general; Henry Booth, quartermaster-general; G. F. Little, judge-advocate-general; N. E. Harmon, department chaplain; T. B. Gerow, chief of staff; and also A. Reynolds and R. H. Campbell, members of the council of administration. J. P. Worrell, of Larned, was the color-bearer. Then came

the hearse, drawn by two white horses, with postillions at their heads. The guard of honor and detail from the Eleventh Kansas, as mentioned above, walked on either side of the hearse, which was followed by Mayor Biddle, D. W. Eastman, J. M. Griffith, Dr. Jacobs, J. L. W. Bell, T. E. McMillan, and Samuel Emmons. Next came carriages containing the Senatorial committee, the House committee, and other officials. Following the carriages came the three hundred Grand Army of the Republic members and old soldiers. Then came Company E, Kansas National Guard, under command of Capt. W. P. Wilcox, followed by citizens in carriages and on foot.

On reaching the family residence the chief marshal and staff and veterans formed lines on either side of the walk leading to the south door of the house. The detail of survivors then carried the remains of their comrade to the entrance and deposited the casket in the hall, where the face of the dead Senator was uncovered to enable his sorrowing friends and comrades to look upon the features now composed in death. As the members of the Eleventh Kansas looked into the calm and quiet face, hot tears came unbidden from their eyes. Slowly and reverently the friends departed, leaving the remains at the house under a guard detailed from the Grand Army of the Republic. This detail was composed chiefly of the survivors of Col. PLUMB's regiment, who, though in many cases advanced in years or broken in health, begged the privilege of being assigned to this duty, and all night long did as soldiers do, regardless of the bitter winter weather. One of these brave old soldiers was asked late at night if he would not like to be relieved. "No," he said, "there would be no trouble about getting relieved. All the boys want to come." Another, Mr. Evan Davis, who had been an immediate attaché of Col. PLUMB through the war, led the Senator's horse in the procession, and was permitted, at his urgent request, to do all

the masonry work in preparing the grave. Every old associate of the Senator's in the hard years of the war and before seemed to mourn as for the loss of a brother. Samuel Middleton, the Senator's valet in Washington, was inconsolable. In short, those who knew him most closely mourned him most deeply.

The private funeral services at the family home began a few moments after 10 o'clock December 24. The casket was surrounded by beautiful floral offerings. On one side of it was an elaborate floral ladder. The uppermost round of the ladder was surmounted by two white doves, their wings extended as if hovering over the spirit of the departed. The father and family of the deceased, with the families of George and A. W. Plumb, brothers of the late Senator, were seated in this parlor. The intimate friends and Senatorial committees were in the parlor adjoining on the north. The hall was also occupied by friends. The ministers were seated at the doors separating the two parlors. The choir, consisting of Mesdames Charles Harris and J. C. Penny and Messrs. T. H. Lewis and Charles Fletcher, sang the opening hymn, which was followed by the scripture lesson read by Rev. S. A. Norton, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Emporia.

Rev. Richard Cordley, of Lawrence, then made a short address, in which he dwelt upon the loss sustained by the nation, State, county, city, and particularly the family, in the death of one who had so endeared himself to the people he represented. Special reference was made to the sterling worth, ability, and energy of the deceased. The one spot dearest to him was his home, and to the family the blow comes with redoubled force. Friends sympathize deeply, but can not allay the grief. Dr. Cordley closed his touching and eloquent remarks by commending the spirit of the deceased to

the Heavenly Father and the members of the family to the providence of God. The choir then sang "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Dr. Cordley followed in a brief but heartfelt prayer. The choir then sang "Abide With Me," and the services were over. The curtains were then drawn in the parlors and the relatives were left alone with the dead.

Outside the house a vast throng was congregated. Forty members of the Knights Templar in uniform, under command of C. W. Cleaver, were formed in line on either side of the walk from the south entrance to the curbing. The pallbearers conveyed the remains to the hearse, which was drawn by four black horses, all draped with heavy black nettings. The wheels were made solid in black crape and the body of the hearse was covered with drapings of black and white crape. The procession was formed under the direction of Chief Marshal Col. J. M. Steele and Chief Aide E. F. Sprague, and reached to the First Congregational Church, the band playing a magnificent funeral number.

At the church the remains were given a position near the the altar. As the pallbearers and Congressional committee marched into the church with the remains the organist, Prof. Will Davis, played a solemn dirge.

The remains were deposited in front of the altar and there formally delivered to the Knights Templar. They at once took charge and the sorrowing throng were permitted to take a final look at the face so familiar to them, but now composed in the sleep of death. From 11 until 2 o'clock the remains were kept in state and thousands of people from the city, Lyon County, and all parts of the State passed through the church and viewed the remains of the citizen, soldier, and statesman.

While the morning services were going on special trains from the various parts of the State brought many visitors to the city who came to pay the last sad tributes of respect.

Over 100 prominent citizens came from Wichita, 150 came in on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas noon train from the north, and a greater number came in on a special over the same road from the south. Governor Humphrey and State officers and friends, numbering over 200, came in at noon from Topeka in a special train. The Grand Army of the Republic posts and the Sons of Veterans from Hartford, Reading, Strong City, Americus, Admire, and neighboring cities, with other visitors, added to the already large number present, made at the least calculation 10,000 visitors in the city.

Long before the hour appointed for the services the street and sidewalks in the vicinity of the church were crowded with people. At 1:45 Department Commander Grand Army of the Republic T. McCarthy and staff marched to the church. They were followed by the members of the Grand Army of the Republic and old soldiers, and later by Governor Humphrey and staff; also, by Chief Justice Horton, Judge Valentine, Supreme Court Commissioners Simpson, Green, and Strang, Hon. George T. Anthony, Hon. A. R. Greene, Hon. J. H. McBride, superintendent of insurance, and members of the senate and house of representatives. Upon arriving at the church the various delegations remained standing while the family and relatives were escorted to seats in front of the casket. Then the general public was admitted, and in a few moments both the main room and lecture room were crowded and an immense crowd was congregated about the church and grounds.

The altar and platform were laden with a profusion of floral offerings from various organizations and friends. On the left stood an easel festooned with flowers surmounted by an American eagle. It is impossible to enumerate the various forms of offerings and evidences of esteem, as seen in the floral tributes. Promptly at 2 o'clock Rev. John Jones, Rev. Dr. Cordley, Rev. S.

A. Norton, and Rev. Bernard Kelly took seats on the rostrum and the services opened with an anthem sung by the same choir that rendered the music at the morning service. Dr. Cordley read a scripture lesson, followed by the singing of the hymn, "In the Cross of Christ I glory."

Rev. Mr. Norton led in a fervent prayer, after which the hymn "At Evening Time Let There be Light" was sung. Dr. Cordley, of Lawrence, then delivered the following funeral sermon:

"The life of Senator PLUMB reads like a romance. With only a common school education, he learned the printers' trade and entered a printing office in Ohio. At the age of 18 he came to Kansas, in 1856. Kansas was then in its beginnings and in the throes of the great antislavery contest. The next year, boy as he was, he helped to organize a town company, which laid and fostered what is now one of our most enterprising towns, this goodly city of Emporia. To his wonderful foresight and energy Emporia largely owes her remarkable success. Without ever having had a full law-school education he commenced the practice of law at the age of 21 and showed that which would have made him shine in the legal profession. Without any military training he became a colonel in the Army at the age of 26 and led his regiment with skill and credit to the end of the war. He then entered the political field, and at the age of 29 was speaker of the house of representatives in the Kansas State legislature. In 1877, at the age of 38, he was elected to the United States Senate. Thus in twenty years a poor boy, without education or fortune or influential friends, had risen to membership of the ablest, most cultured, and influential body in the United States.

"Thus far one might say there was nothing specially strange. Kansas was a new Commonwealth, just planted on the open

prairies. All the people were newcomers, as a matter of course, and most of them were beginners in life and young in years. Mr. PLUMB was one with the rest.

"It was necessary that some of these should go to the front and occupy the positions which the coming in of a new State had created. In going to the Senate he simply came out from among his peers to take a position which some of them must take. But when he entered the Senate he became the associate of men 'to the manner born:' men for whom the best schools had done their best; men whose entire life had been spent amid cultured surroundings and stimulating influences; men who had traveled and seen the world; men of large gifts and long experience. The marvelous thing is that in such a body this young man from the wild prairies of the west should at once step to the front and become one of its most influential and honored members. He was felt at once as a man of force, and every year's service has increased his power. He won the respect and esteem of all parties, and his judgment was sought on all sides. Few men in the Senate had larger influence or could accomplish more in the councils of that body. So fully had he satisfied all classes and so fair had he been in all his actions that at the last election to his third term every vote cast in both houses of the State legislature was in his favor.

"We have not far to look for the secret of his marvelous success. The first element of his power was his clear judicial mind. He always comprehended the situation at a glance. The moment a question was stated his mind grasped it and leaped to the solution. Whether it were a question of business or public policy or of social life, he saw the vital point with the immediateness of instinct. At a glance all mists disappeared and all entanglements were unraveled and the solution was instantly seized. It is no wonder such a man should be constantly sought for by those who were puzzled in their affairs

or who were struggling with complicated questions they could not solve.

"I have watched him when he was at home for a day or two of rest, as he called it. I would find him in the office at the bank with a score or so of men waiting to see him. Every one's case was different. First it was a man who had some business to transact with him; then it would be a man who wished to consult him on the political situation; then it would be an old soldier whose pension case had become tangled up in some way in the department; then it would be a tale of sorrow calling for sympathy; then it would be a case of want calling for charity. So they came to him one after another, and when these were gone others were waiting their turn. He received all with the same patient cordiality and listened to each with the same interested attention. When the case of each was stated he seemed to grasp it instantly and his response always seemed exactly to meet the case. As I have watched him thus listening patiently to one case after another, hour after hour, all day long, while he was at home "resting," I wondered how long a man could endure a strain like that or whether his mind was so constituted that it was no strain.

"There was another quality in Senator PLUMB's character which perhaps had more to do with his success than his clear and rapid judgment. He always did the thing that came to him and always did it at once. In a speech he made here years ago, I heard him tell what he considered the secret of Emporia's success, and it has occurred to me since that he was unconsciously telling the secret of his own success. He said: 'In our early growth here in Emporia we always took in whatever was offered, whether it was just what we wanted or not. If it was a small thing that offered, we took it, hoping it might be the first installment of something larger. The first railroad that offered itself did not seem to amount to much. But

we took it in, and then the Santa Fe railway came. We never let a small thing go, hoping for a larger thing.' That, I think, describes Senator PLUMB in the methods of his own service. He never neglected what lay before him, in anticipation of something larger by and by. He was not all the while waiting for some great opportunity or saving himself for some great occasion. We never read that Senator PLUMB could not be seen by his constituents because he was preparing a great speech on some national theme. He met each occasion as it came, and it mattered not whether the occasion were large or small. He did that which came to him and did it at once. Anything that concerned his constituents concerned him and any man that had a case could always get a hearing. He was working for his constituents all the while, for small and great, of all classes and all localities. No old soldier with a good case ever went to him and failed to enlist his sympathy, and to enlist his sympathy meant to win, for he made each case his own and pressed it to a conclusion. The dispatches say he had over 6,000 pension cases before the Department. I venture the assertion that he knew the nature of every case and was personally pressing each one to an issue.

"I had a friend in Lawrence who went into the army. At the close of the war he was broken in health. He applied for a pension, but on account of missing links in the evidence it was delayed for many years. A few years ago the missing evidence was supplied and a pension was granted him. But when granted it was a mere pittance. He was now totally disabled. He could just walk about, but his limbs were so shaken of palsy that he could not even feed himself. He was the most complete physical wreck I ever saw. Some three years ago he told me his tale and asked me if I could not help him to get an increase of pension. He was certainly entitled to a full pension if any man ever was entitled to one. His case

was clear and his testimony admitted. But his attorneys at Washington kept making him costs, but did not advance his case. It did not seem as if they cared to help him. I heard the poor old soldier's story with mingled pity and indignation. I told him I thought I knew a way to reach his case. I wrote to Senator PLUMB and laid the case before him. He wrote me at once for some facts by which he could identify the case among the thousands on file at the department. In an incredibly short time I met the old soldier, and he told me he had just received an increase to his pension making it ample for his need. This is but one of many cases I have myself personally known. I never wrote him unless I had a good case and I never laid a case before him but he took it up at once and pressed it to a successful issue. As Ex-Senator Ingalls said: 'He wanted results rather than dreams, and cared less for distinction and fame than for success and power.' So heartily did he espouse the soldiers' cause and so successfully did he contend for it that he well deserves to share with John A. Logan the title of the soldiers' friend.

"It has been said that his marked characteristic was his capacity for work. But many people have a capacity for work and unlimited endurance who yet accomplish little. Mr. PLUMB rather had a marvelous capacity to make his work tell. He always did the effective thing. He could do more things and make them all come to time than any man I ever knew. He had the faculty of finding the spring that moved the whole affair. He would accomplish by the turn of a hand what another might worry over for a day. This was his great temptation to overwork. A man who can effect so much every time he moves is desperately tempted to keep moving. When with so slight an effort he could do so much he could not afford to stand still. And it doubtless was an inspiration to see things dispatched by a touch so slight or a word so easily uttered.

"Of his personal religious views I do not think he often spoke. But he was a firm believer in the Christian faith and all it implied. He always spoke of religious things with the utmost respect and reverence. I never heard of him speaking lightly of sacred things in any circumstances or company. He believed in churches and rejoiced in their prosperity and growth. When the elders of the Jews would commend the centurion to Jesus they gave as evidence of his worthiness that 'he had built them a synagogue.' Kansas is dotted over with churches which Senator Plumb has helped to build. He was called upon from all parts of the State, and he never refused a call from a needy church. It is said that one of the last acts of his life was to answer an appeal from a church in western Kansas. There is not a church in this city which has not received largely from his bounty. He was the warm friend of Christian education. When it was proposed to locate here a Christian college he was among the first to advocate and urge the project. He was one of the earliest friends of the College of Emporia and aided it largely by both voice and purse.

"I have in mind two scenes which occurred in this house. One was when the house itself was being dedicated. We needed a certain amount of money to relieve us from embarrassment. It seemed as if we should fall short. But an inspiring word from him electrified the audience and changed the whole aspect of affairs and the thing was done. The other scene was at our communion season one Sunday afternoon. A large number were to unite with the church, among them two of his own children. He had planned to be at home that day and came with them and sat with them during the service. The glow of interest which lighted up his face as the vows of Christian consecration were uttered is a picture that still abides in my memory and plainly showed he was not a mere spectator.

"Only once was it my good fortune to meet him when the load was off. Two or three years ago we chanced to have appointments the same night in one of our interior towns. The next morning, after his work was done, he had to wait for a train to take him to another place. We were together with a few friends while we were waiting. For that hour he had all the charming ease of a man that had not a care in the world, and, in the free play of his unburdened mind, thought and incident and humor made the time pass rapidly and delightfully. He was many sided as well as intense and effective. He could adapt himself to occasions and suit the humor of the time. He had a marvelous fund of information on all practical themes and could throw on any subject the light of anecdote and rare bits of knowledge he had gathered here and there as he came along.

"So it is that his career reads like a romance. Without schools he yet became educated; without stopping to learn, he yet absorbed as he moved along a mass of information which made him an authority on all practical topics; without training in any line of service he yet became one of the most effective of men in law, in finance, in politics, and in statesmanship; without early advantages he yet became the peer of men on whom schools and cultured surroundings and travel had poured their richest gifts.

"This is no ordinary mourning. All the people mourn, for he was emphatically the people's friend. He was not only kindly disposed towards the people, but he was one of them, and he knew their burdens and their conflicts and their sorrows. He could sympathize, with an intelligent sympathy which knew its own meaning and understood its own grounds. It was no political pretension when he manifested his love for the people. He believed in the people and he knew their spirit and their needs. The people are the mourners to-day. There is all

about the sense of a great sorrow and also the sense of a great loss. As was said of the Egyptians as they were mourning for Jacob, 'this is a grievous mourning' for the people of Kansas. Not in the cities and centers alone, but in the villages and in the cabins, 'far out upon the prairie,' there is a sense of bereavement and loss.

"It is very sad to think how many of our greatest men have fallen in the prime of life, when the best was yet to be hoped of them. What a galaxy of bright names the record of the last few years contains, and all stricken in their prime. And Kansas has had her full share of this common sorrow. Even after these years no true Kansan can think without pain of Dudley Haskell, at the age of 41, closing a career whose promise no man could measure. And now the man whose practical wisdom and untiring energy had lifted him to greatness is cut down in the very ripening of his powers. He had come to stand for Kansas, the product and symbol of her history. '*Ad astra per aspera*' could be written of him as of her. We had come to look to him and rely upon him in a rare degree as our representative and our hope. There is a sense of orphanage to-day in all the hamlets and homes of Kansas and they will remember him and mourn for him many days.

"I do not forget, however, that there are nearer circles into the sacredness of whose sorrow I dare only glance. For there is not only a bereaved people, but there is also a stricken home. No man loved his home more than Mr. PLUMB. Though he constantly touched so large a circle of intense and living interests, there was a center to his life where his intensest interest and warmest affections dwelt. His public duties did not allow him often to be at home, but his home was his delight and his children were his joy and pride.

"This great sorrow, so wide extended and so universal, has its focus at the home. That home is no less stricken because

the State is also stricken, and its sorrow is no less keen and overwhelming because the State also shares it and bears it. I dare not multiply words on a theme so personal and so sacred. No human words can avail in a sorrow so deep. I can only commend this stricken household to 'the God of all comfort, Who comforteth us in all our tribulations.'"

The sermon concluded. Rev. Bernard Kelly offered a fervent prayer.

The closing hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," was then sung, which concluded the exercises at the church.

Mrs. Plumb was not at the church services, but went with the family to the cemetery.

Here the services were conducted by Hon. T. McCarthy, commander Department of Kansas, Grand Army of the Republic, escorted by Posts 55 and 161 and accompanied by visiting comrades and old soldiers not members of the Grand Army of the Republic in the following order:

Marshal and staff, mounted.

Band.

Kansas National Guard.

Department commander and staff.

Posts of Grand Army of the Republic and old soldiers.

Sons of Veterans.

Pallbearers in carriages.

Hearse, with Eleventh Kansas marching on each side.

Horse and equipments of deceased.

Family, in carriages.

Knights Templar.

Senatorial and House committees.

Governor and staff, in carriages.

Visitors and citizens, in carriages.

As chief marshal, Col. J. M. Steele was assisted by the following aids: E. F. Sprague, D. W. Eastman, J. L. W.

Bell, J. G. Traylor, W. V. Phillips, W. H. Gilchrist, Charles Fletcher, E. P. Bruner, Joseph Rickabaugh, H. W. Huffman.

In the above order the funeral procession took up the line of march to the cemetery, where the beautiful ritualistic service of the Grand Army of the Republic was read by the Department Commander and the Department Chaplain N. E. Harmon, after which the earth received all that was mortal of the late Senator, and slowly the sorrowing friends returned to their respective homes.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

THE STATE NORMAL SCHOOL.

At a regular meeting of the board of regents of the State Normal School, December 22, 1891, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"Whereas we to-day mourn the loss of an esteemed friend and a distinguished fellow-citizen, the Hon. PRESTON B. PLUMB, whose sudden death brings gloom and sorrow to our whole Commonwealth; and whereas he has ever been the stanch friend and liberal supporter of every institution which might conduce to the advancement, the enlightenment, and the happiness of the people: and whereas the State Normal School has had many occasions to bless his bounty and to rejoice in his interest and friendship:

"*Be it resolved*, That as members of the board of regents of the State Normal School we desire in this formal way to express our profound appreciation of his sterling character as a man, of his noble record as a citizen, and of his great services as a representative of our State.

"*Resolved*, That we shall ever cherish his name and career as worthy the emulation of every citizen of the Republic. The

purity of his public life, the devotion with which he served the interests of the whole people, his unswerving fidelity to principle, the universal esteem in which he was held by all parties, the attainment of so exalted a position in the councils of the nation, mark him as a splendid example of the possibilities of this privileged land.

"*Resolved*, That the flag be placed at half mast and that the building be appropriately draped.

"*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be furnished the bereaved family, to whom we tender our heartfelt sympathy; that a copy be furnished each of the city papers, and that they be spread in full upon the minutes of this board."

THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

On Sunday, December 20, 1891, at the close of the evening services, the Second Presbyterian Church of Emporia unanimously passed the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That we acknowledge the hand of the Lord, who giveth us all things and who taketh away, and in His wise providence that it is He who hath taken from us our dear friend, the Hon. PRESTON B. PLUMB.

"*Resolved*, That it seems to us that his death is a great loss to the country at large, to the State of Kansas, and in particular to Emporia, but most especially to his beloved family.

"*Resolved*, That we extend our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Plumb, and her beloved children, and all relatives.

"*Resolved*, That, in consideration of his always open, helping hand toward our church and our high esteem for our departed friend, our pulpit be draped in mourning for thirty days.

"*Resolved*, That the pastor do now at the close of this service read aloud the 146th Psalm, and that the congregation

join in turning unto the Lord and offering prayer in behalf of the bereaved family, that they may have grace and strength to uphold them in this the hour of their great trial and deep sorrow.

"(Signed for the church)

"JOHN JONES, *Pastor.*

"L. W. LEWIS, *Secretary.*"

THE COLLEGE OF EMPORIA.

The faculty of the College of Emporia desire to unite with their fellow citizens of the Commonwealth of Kansas in expressing their sense of the grave loss that has befallen the State in the death of our distinguished Senator, Hon. PRESTON B. PLUMB.

We share in the general appreciation of his splendid talents, his devotion to duty, his tireless zeal in meeting the responsibilities of office, his ever enlarging patriotism, and his large-hearted liberality.

We gratefully put on record the fact that he presided at the first public meeting held in this city in behalf of this institution. His persuasive arguments decided others to adopt his own views. His name was first on the roll of contributors and his gift was the largest. He was a member of the first board of trustees. His hand laid the corner stone of Stuart hall. He gave generously every year to the Anderson library.

For these and other reasons we deem it timely to adopt the following resolutions as expressing the sentiments of this faculty:

(1) That in the death of Senator PLUMB the State is called to mourn the loss of her foremost citizen.

(2) That his name and the memory of the invaluable services he rendered the State and nation deserve to be tenderly enshrined by the entire Commonwealth of Kansas

(3) That his generous and prompt support of the higher liberal education as embraced in the curriculum of this college challenges our lasting gratitude.

(4) That the flag of Stuart hall be suitably draped and the college bell tolled during the funeral services.

(5) That our heartfelt sympathy be tendered the sorely smitten household, each of whom we tenderly commend to the God of all grace and comfort.

COLLEGE OF EMPORIA, *December 23, 1891.*

THE KANSAS STATE SENATE.

TOPEKA, KANS., *December 24.*

A special train bearing the Kansas State senate left this city at 10 o'clock this morning for Emporia.

Resolutions were adopted last night at the Copeland which will be spread upon the senate journal. They follow:

"*Resolved*, That in common with all the people of the State of Kansas we deeply mourn the loss of our senior Senator, the Hon. PRESTON B. PLUMB, whom the all-wise Creator, in His infinite wisdom, has seen fit to call from our midst.

"*Resolved*, That in his death the State of Kansas loses a citizen whose life since the organization of Kansas as a Territory and during its existence as a State has been closely identified with its growth and development, and a man whom the State has been pleased to honor, and who, in return, by his eminent services in public and private life, has conferred honor upon the State.

"*Resolved*, That while the life of the soldier, statesman, and great commoner was so suddenly demanded at the very period of his most stalwart manhood and acknowledged usefulness, we can but accept the will of the unseen power which directs all things to His final honor and glory and which we have an

abiding faith will work out this great sorrow to the blessing of the people.

"*Resolved*, That our most profound sympathy is extended to the grief-stricken wife and children of the dead Senator; but, trusting that they may be sustained by the promise of hope, which begets peace, and that, although the dead husband and father fell in the midst of life's most exacting activities, we trust they may be comforted in the assurance that there must be, there is, a final recompense.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be engrossed and a copy sent to the bereaved family."

THE EMPORIA CITY COUNCIL PROCEEDINGS.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, *December 21, 1891.*

Mr. FOX moved that a committee on resolutions be appointed on the death of Senator PLUMB to report during this meeting. The motion was adopted.

The mayor appointed Messrs. FOX, BOOTEY, and IRELAND as such committee and they at once reported the following resolution, which on motion of Mr. EWING was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas we are called upon to share in the grief and deep sense of loss which have come so suddenly and with such terrible force into every home and heart in this city in the death of Senator PRESTON B. PLUMB:

"*Resolved*, That in the going-out of this noble life Emporia loses a staunch and firm friend, a citizen of unspotted character, who in public life has by his unflinching courage and unfaltering devotion to right and truth commanded the respect and admiration of the nation.

"*Resolved*, While we unite with the State and the nation in thus paying homage to the memory of our dead Senator we

feel especially our own loss as we remember him as neighbor and friend, devoted to the best interests of Emporia, his great, noble heart always ready to respond to genuine need.

"*Resolved*, That we extend to the stricken family our most sincere condolence, as with them we bow in trust to a Providence we can not understand.

"*Resolved*, That these resolutions be spread upon the records in the office of the city clerk and that a certified copy be forwarded to Mrs. Plumb.

"H. E. FOX,
"R. J. BOOTEY,
"C. F. IRELAND.

"H. S. ALEXANDER, *City Clerk*."

THE EXECUTIVE COUNCIL OF THE STATE OF KANSAS.

At a meeting of the Executive Council of the State of Kansas the following resolutions were adopted:

"Death loves a shining mark," and its latest illustrious victim was the most useful and conspicuous citizen of Kansas.

Senator PRESTON B. PLUMB crowned his efforts in behalf of the nation, his State, and the people with the glory of martyrdom. He exhausted all his vital energies to meet his own sublime conception of the duties of exalted public position. He was the most devoted and laborious representative that any people ever sent to the National Capital.

His love for his State, his pride in its birth, in its brilliant youth, in its military achievements, in its wonderful growth, in its phenomenal development, and in its marvelous production, were constantly in his mind, and finally became the law of his nature and the main inducement to his own success and advancement.

Any resident of Kansas could confidently appeal to and implicitly rely on the assurance that no detail was too small, no

question too large, no wrong so strongly intrenched in power, but that the very best efforts of the Senator would be exerted in his behalf.

A great statesman, in the flower of glorious manhood, in the enjoyment of a growing and widening fame that was reaching to all parts of the nation, in the full possession of matured powers, is suddenly stricken down, and a great State is bereft of his wise guidance in public affairs and its citizens of the aid of his helping hands in all governmental departments.

The great heart of the Commonwealth is burdened with sorrow and all the good people mourn his death as a personal loss, and extend their heartfelt sympathy to the grief-stricken family of the man who loved the State as he loved them.

Resolved, That the Statehouse be draped in mourning, the national flag be displayed at half mast, and that the State officers wear mourning for thirty days.

LYMAN U. HUMPHREY,
Governor.
WILLIAM HIGGINS,
Secretary of State.
CHAS. M. HOVEY,
Auditor of State.
SOLOMON G. STOVER,
Treasurer of State.
JOHN N. IVES,
Attorney-General.
GEO. W. WINANS,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE SENATE.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

IN THE SENATE, *February 18, 1892.*

Mr. PEFFER. Mr. President, pursuant to notice, I offer the resolutions which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolutions will be read.

The Secretary read the resolutions, as follows:

Resolved, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of PRESTON B. PLUMB, late a Senator from the State of Kansas.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute of regard to his high character and distinguished public services.

Resolved, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

ADDRESS OF MR. PEFFER, OF KANSAS.

Mr. PEFFER. Mr. President, PRESTON B. PLUMB was born in Delaware County, Ohio, October 12, 1837. He had only a common-school education. At the age of 12 years he entered the office of the Western Episcopalian, at Gambier, Ohio, and learned the printers' trade. In 1853 he established the Xenia

News and conducted it with vigor and success. At that time Rev. Granville Moody, a distinguished Methodist preacher and reformer, was located at Xenia. Mostly from him young Mr. PLUMB imbibed his hatred of human slavery. In 1856, when the Kansas struggle was at its height, one day he went into the News office and said, "I am going to Kansas." "When?" was asked. "To-morrow," he answered; and "to-morrow" he started. The Kansas Tribune, printed at Topeka, on the 22d day of October of that year, records the arrival of Mr. PLUMB with a company of twenty-eight young men. The winter following he spent in Lawrence and was foreman in the Herald of Freedom printing office.

In the spring of 1857 he and four others organized the Emporia Town Company, on the banks of the Neosho River, in the present county of Lyon. There he afterwards made his permanent home. He was the active man of the company and soon established a newspaper, the Emporia News, which for a long time was among the leading papers of the State. It was during those early years when Mr. PLUMB was traveling over the trackless prairie one day and came to a homesteader's shanty. He went in and found a man down with smallpox. The few neighbors had become panic-stricken and left the man alone to die. PLUMB was so moved by the pitiable spectacle that he abandoned his journey and stayed and nursed the poor man through his sickness. As a result he contracted the disease himself.

He took a profound interest in all the public affairs of the Territory and he was frequently intrusted with grave responsibilities. He was a member of most of the conventions held to discuss the situation. Among the preserved relics of those stirring times are several instruments of writing in which Mr. PLUMB was personally interested. Here are three of them.

No. 1 is a commission as superintendent of enrollment, issued

by Gen. James H. Lane and countersigned by M. F. Conway as adjutant-general, dated July 20, 1857:

HEADQUARTERS KANSAS VOLUNTEERS
FOR THE PROTECTION OF THE BALLOT-BOX,
Lawrence, July 20, 1857.

Whereas the people of Kansas, in convention at Topeka, July 15, 1857, did adopt the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That Gen. James H. Lane be appointed by this convention and authorized to organize the people in the several districts to protect the ballot-boxes at the approaching elections in Kansas:"

Now, therefore, in pursuance of the authority thus vested in me by the people of Kansas, I do hereby constitute and appoint P. B. PLUMB superintendent of enrollment, Fourth Brigade, Second Division.

This appointment is conferred upon P. B. PLUMB by virtue of confidence entertained by me in his patriotism and integrity, well knowing that in his hands every duty appertaining to the aforesaid position will be faithfully discharged

Given at the office of the adjutant-general this day.

J. H. LANE, *Organizing.*

M. F. CONWAY, *Adjutant-General.*

No. 2 is an appointment as aide-de-camp, December 17, 1857:

HEADQUARTERS KANSAS MILITIA, *December 17, 1857.*

SIR: You are hereby notified of your appointment as aide-de-camp to the major-general, under the act entitled "An act for the organization and regulation of the militia," passed December 16, 1857.

J. H. LANE, *Major-General.*

No. 3 is a receipt peculiarly characteristic:

TOPEKA, *September 27, 1859.*

Received from Capt. PLUMB, of the "Grizzlies," 76 5-inch Colt's revolvers for the four companies of Kansas emigrants under my command.

JAS. REDPATH.

Mr. PLUMB began his real life work on bloody ground. Whittier (1858) wrote:

From the hearths of their cabins,
The fields of their corn,
Unwarned and unweaponed,
The victims were torn.
. . . . . .

Wind slow from the Swan's Marsh,
O dreary death-train,
With pressed lips as bloodless
As lips of the slain.
. . . . . .

On the lintels of Kansas
That blood shall not dry.
. . . . . .

Henceforth to the sunset,
Unchecked on her way,
Shall Liberty follow
The march of the day.

During these active years Mr. PLUMB studied law and attended law lectures two terms in Cleveland, Ohio. In 1861 he was admitted to the bar and opened a law office in Emporia. In 1862 he was elected to the lower house of the Legislature and was appointed reporter of the Supreme Court. During September of that year he raised two companies of volunteers for the Eleventh Kansas regiment and entered the service as second lieutenant. He was rapidly promoted to captain, major, and lieutenant colonel.

The regiment saw some hard service before the end of the first year, having been engaged in the battles of Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, and others in southwest Missouri and in Arkansas. After the close of the war Mr. PLUMB returned to Emporia and resumed the practice of law. He entered into partnership with Judge R. W. Ruggles under the firm name

of Ruggles & Plumb. The firm attracted wide attention at once and soon secured a large practice, covering the whole State. In 1866 he was elected to the lower house of the Kansas Legislature and was chosen speaker. About that time he began to lay the foundation of his private fortune. The rapid development of the country and the consequent rapid advance in values created many opportunities for profitable investment and he seemed to know when and where to invest. He rarely made a mistake. At his suggestion some of his old Ohio friends established a bank in Emporia, and Mr. PLUMB was chosen its president and manager in 1872. In 1877 he was elected a member of this body, where his habits of industry, his quickness of perception, his breadth of view, and his persistence in effort soon brought him into merited prominence.

Mr. PLUMB was married in 1867 to Miss Caroline Southwick, of Ashtabula, Ohio. His home was a delightful one. He enjoyed comfort and cared nothing for display. While abundantly able to build a splendid residence, he preferred rather to live as his neighbors lived; and to-day there are many dwellings in Emporia more costly and more showy than his. He took great pride in the education and training of his children. He was with them as much as his active life permitted. He availed himself of every opportunity to add to the pleasure and enjoyment of his family. He leaves his wife and five children: Mary, Amos, Ruth, Carrie, and Preston.

From his early youth he had strong religious convictions, but he never connected himself with any church. He was the friend of everything good and fostered all elevating influences. When at home he always worshiped at the Congregational Church, where his family were members, and he took great interest in its prosperity. He died in the city of Washington on the 20th day of December, 1891, having been a member of this body continuously since the 4th day of March, 1877.

Mr. President, the people who look on while we conduct these memorial services often wonder and sometimes openly ask whether, after all, there is enough sincerity and seriousness in our proceedings to justify the time and treasure devoted to them. Concerning the reason of this suspicion we need not now inquire; certain it is that when death comes to us in our homes, within the range of our acquaintance, there is sorrow because of our trouble. When one of tender years is taken from us—our first-born it may be, the gem of the household or the pet and pride of our later years—when the wife and mother goes and the family is broken, or the husband and father, and the home is left desolate, neighbors and friends come and weep with us and tender kindly offices; they go with us to the last resting-place of what we call the dead, and there, at the open grave, sing with us and pray and join in the holy invocation in our behalf, then reverently depart, leaving blessings on us. And this not so much because of their personal interest in the situation as because a family has been stricken, friends are in trouble, and they are pleased in this way to make known their sympathy.

These things come to us because we are brethren. The fountains of the soul are full of kindred sympathies which mingle and bring forth good, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold. If a whole neighborhood be thus sorrowful over the death of one member of a single family, and that, too, it may be, one too young to have been known or even seen by many persons outside of the little circle of home, is it strange that when a strong man falls, a man in possession of all his faculties, a man in action, one who served his country in war and in peace, whose voice has been heard in the nation's councils and whose footprints are traced in its statutes—when the career of such a one is suddenly cut short by death, may we not stop and devote an hour to thinking about it?

There is something about the fact or condition which we term death that challenges our attention. Yet it is not death that halts us and sets new thoughts in motion. It is life we are thinking about. It is life that fills us with emotion; life that wrings our hearts and heats our brains. Life is the marvel of the ages, the perpetual problem of men. It is the life of our friend that we remember. We care nothing about that part of the transformation which we know as death. We hasten to forget it and all its incidents; but the life is with us forever. Its place in the memory is kept garnished and clean continually as the years come and go. We would not, if we could, let go the hope that some day, when the time is ripe, souls shall meet again. How cheerless the days and months and years would be to this family were they deprived of the hope to see again and to love the man whose presence to them in their happy home in sunny Kansas was so dear, so helpful, and cheering. No, no; it is not death that interests us, but life; for life is real, continuing, eternal.

The life of a man as he lives it in the presence of his fellows is as properly a subject for observation and study as the water we drink or the air that we breathe. To understand the motives which impel men to action is quite as important as it is that we understand the medical properties of the food we eat. Our lives are affected by the lives of other men. Our thoughts are influenced by their thoughts. Our opinions are largely made up of what was formed in other minds before it lodged in ours. So surely are we moved by what is moving others that we often find ourselves unconsciously following a leadership we did not choose. Our physical movements, our social deportment, our habits of thought, our manner of speech, our gestures, all that we are and all that we do before our fellows, all that goes to make up what we term our lives, is as much an assimilation of what was and is being said and done by persons around us

as our bodies are made up of vital essences that grow in the grass and on the trees. Those grand characters that stand out among their fellows like peaks in mountain ranges, and that we see afar off as we see cliffs and promontories on the shore line of the sea, are the men that move the world. Their thoughts take lodgment in other minds and reappear in the literature of the time; their style and their manner of speech are copied wherever language is written and deeds are proclaimed; their suggestions take form in adornment of homes, improvement of cities, in architecture and invention; their ideas live in machines, and their conclusions are preserved in laws.

How shall we study this man's life and how shall we measure him? Shall we begin by ignoring those things which made him what he was and substitute another life for his? Shall we construct an ideal man and then describe and praise our own creation? Or shall we rather do in his own case as he would have done in ours: take up his life just as he lived it and look at that? Beginning a poor boy, he was an editor at 16 years of age, a captain of militia at 20, member of a constitutional convention at 22, lawyer at 24, in the State legislature, and lieutenant, captain, major, and colonel of volunteers at 25, United States Senator at 40. Surely there is a lesson in such a life, viewed in its own robust personality, with no embellishment beyond the simple truth.

Moved by a boy's ambition to do and dare, looking full in the face an untried, unknown, unknowable future, his heart fired by the eloquence of Garrison, Giddings, Phillips, Sumner, and Hale, a gallant soldier in the army of Fremont, what more natural than that this brave, brainy, liberty-loving boy should turn toward the battle ground in Kansas? With the troubles there began the greatest war in history, a war in which a nation of the best and bravest people on earth undertook to settle among themselves and for themselves a matter which it

had become evident to all could not be disposed of in any other way. In that great war Mr. PLUMB performed a Union soldier's part. Upon its conclusion he, with others, began the building of a State, and the marvelous growth of Kansas testifies that their work was well done. It has no parallel in the history of settlement.

It is but thirty years since the State became a member of the American Union, and in those thirty years her population increased more than a million and a quarter. She has builded 8,000 schoolhouses; her railways measure nearly 9,000 miles of main track; her farmers raised 250,000,000 bushels of corn in 1889 and more than 50,000,000 bushels of wheat in 1891; she has a post-office within easy reach of every home and churches enough to seat one-fourth of her people. Mr. PLUMB was one of the busy, restless, devoted band that accomplished this wonderful work. They conquered the wilderness and expunged the frontier line. Among all those tireless workers none did more, none was more active and persistent, none more respected, none more loyal than he in whose memory these words are spoken. He possessed intuitive knowledge of practical methods. He was not an inventor; not a philosopher; not a dreamer nor a doctrinaire; not an enthusiast; but he was a worker, a workman who uses to the best advantage the tools he has to work with. He wasted nothing in experiments; he preferred to work along lines that had led to success.

He thought the farmer's smokehouse ought to be on the farm, and not in the packing houses at Kansas City or Chicago. He thought the wool and cotton grown on Kansas soil ought to be manufactured in Kansas towns. He was resourceful rather than original. An economist, husbanding his means, he was in all things practical, doing that which he knew could be done rather than wasting effort on doubtful ventures. He believed the workman is worthy of his hire, and he had no use

for a lazy man. He did not invent schemes nor devise plans to set great enterprises in motion, but he used the means at hand to develop what was in sight. He cared not to explore unknown regions, but he got out of the present all that was in it. His ambition was to do, rather than to be. It was as natural for him to work as it is for rivers to flow. Clear in view, firm in opinion, direct in thought, voluble in speech, and courageous in expression, such a man could neither be muzzled nor dwarfed. In the language of a friend, "lands, money, cattle, mines, railroads, banks, all the great agencies of business and politics, gave him the delight that a child feels in its toys. He derived from the contemplation of these subjects the pleasure that men, differently organized, feel in society, the table, books, art, and travel."

Entering the Senate from an agricultural State, in a period of commercial depression, when the country was going down to the low level of a gold-money basis, his views logically reflected those of his people. He believed in enlarging the volume of the circulating medium and he believed the Government alone should provide the money. He was opposed to intrusting this high function of sovereignty to corporations. He advocated the substitution of Government paper for bank notes; he favored free coinage of silver; he urged the revision of tariff duties in the interest of labor; he opposed increasing the Army, and insisted upon simplifying the costly and, as he believed, unnecessarily cumbrous diplomatic system. His ready grasp of situations, his quick perception of what needs to be first done, his clear comprehension of public needs, his never-failing fund of resources, and his ceaseless energy served him in this broader field of effort as they had done in his local work at home. As he had done there, so he did here. He kept close to the people; he studied their wants and he kept his home among them. He maintained no costly establishment

at the nation's capital. He had no liveried servants to wait upon him here. When a Kansas man came to Washington, PLUMB's hand, his head, his heart, and his pocket were ready to serve him. He always responded when the people called, and he did it willingly.

With the gifted Ingalls at his side—Ingalls, prompt and fearless on the floor, ready and impartial in the chair, bright and interesting everywhere—Kansas had able champions in debate and sagacious friends in counsel.

The worst that Senator PLUMB's political enemies ever said of him was that he excused his party and defended it even when he believed it to be wrong. One who knew him well says of him:

"He voted against the McKinley bill, favored free silver, denounced national banks and the financial policy of his associates, but he never parted company with them in the end."

His loyalty to his party, strong as it was, was not stronger than his own convictions upon measures of public policy: yet, harshly as he often criticised his party in this Chamber when his political friends were in the majority, he was never known to oppose his party in the forum of the people. If that was a weakness in him, how shall we excuse ourselves, those of us who are no stronger than he? "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone." Although a blind devotion to party warps the judgment of men, impairs our usefulness, and to some extent necessarily blunts our moral sense, how many of us are guiltless?

But there is another and still better phase of this man's life; and that, after all, when it is what it ought to be, is the best part of the best men's lives, that which is lived at home, where sacred relations exist, where the tenderest ties are formed; there where our children are born, where new lives come to us, and where we start men and women on the way to citizenship, thus doing our part in developing and perpetuating what

is good in society and government. A well-ordered home is a prosperous nation in miniature. In its arrangement and management are involved all the Christian graces and the highest forms of public control.

As to his personal religious views, he was a firm believer in the Christian faith and all that it implies. He always spoke of religious things with the utmost respect and reverence. He was never heard to speak lightly of sacred things under any circumstances or in any company. He believed in churches and rejoiced in their prosperity and growth. His name was not enrolled in the membership of any denomination, yet he was a Christian. He was devoted to those of his own household, he was kind to the needy around him, charitable always, generous to his neighbors, temperate and decorous himself, and respectful to all. That is a Christian life. Nothing better shows the virtue of the all-pervading influence of truths which have come down to us through the centuries from Him who spake as never man spake than the moral and intellectual upbuilding of families like this.

Though the march of civilization has been over bloody ground, the leaven of truth has spread until the nations believe in God. And though men may be careless of moral restraint, though some of us may sit in costly temples and hire our worshiping done, though the poor may have not even a closet to pray in, though many and flagrant wrongs exist and many of us are desperately wicked, still the spirit that angels sang when the "Babe of Bethlehem" was born—peace and good will—the doctrine taught by the "Carpenter's Son," and the life lived by the "lowly Nazarene" are more deeply embedded in the conscience of the masses to day than ever before. The revolution now in progress will set us one step nearer the time when men shall deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly, the choicest fruit of Christian doctrine, the "full-grown corn in the ear."

ADDRESS OF MR. COCKRELL, OF MISSOURI.

Mr. COCKRELL. Mr. President, amid the many pressing and onerous labors and duties devolving upon the Senate of the United States, it is eminently right that we should pause for one day to pay the last sad rites to the name and memory of our deceased colaborer, PRESTON B. PLUMB, the honored and illustrious Senator from the great State of Kansas.

He entered this Chamber on March 4, 1877, as a Senator from the State of Kansas, and for over fourteen years and nine months was an active, diligent, laborious, useful, influential, and honored member of this body.

How quickly, how unexpectedly, the light of his earthly life was bedarkened by the gloom of his death!

Apparently in robust health, with clear, intellectual vigor and unceasing activity, the fell disease quickly overpowered the vital forces of life and his immortal spirit passed from the scenes of time to the realities of the eternal life, impressively verifying the fact that in life we are in the midst of death.

It was my pleasure to form his personal acquaintance when he entered upon his duties in this Chamber, in March, 1877, and our acquaintance ripened into a warm personal friendship, which continued uninterruptedly to his death.

We served upon the same committees—on Military Affairs, Public Lands, and Appropriations. These services greatly strengthened our friendship and intimate relations.

I can truthfully say—without any invidious reflections upon others—that he was one of the most untiring, painstaking, constantly laborious, useful, and intelligent members of this great legislative body.

His whole life from boyhood to death, when faithfully portrayed in all its stages, reads like a romance, and is peculiarly

interesting and instructive, and should be a source of just pride to his bereft companion and children, and of encouragement and emulation to the thousands of struggling and laudably ambitious youths of our great country. It portrays in realistic and inspiring colors the possible achievements of life in our country under our unequaled system of government.

I have neither the data nor the time to go into the details of his life. Others more competent have done and will do so.

Briefly stated, PRESTON B. PLUMB was born in Delaware County, Ohio, on October 12, 1837; received a common school education; learned the art of printing, and aided in establishing the Xenia News, removed to the then Territory of Kansas in 1856, then being about 20 years of age; was a printer in the office of the Herald of Freedom, and became foreman. In 1857 he established the Emporia News, at Emporia, Kans., and thereafter made that place his home; was a member of the Leavenworth constitutional convention of 1859, having employed his few leisure moments in studying law; was admitted to the bar in 1861; was elected a member of the lower house of the Legislature in 1862; was chairman of the judiciary committee, and afterwards reporter of the supreme court.

In August, 1862, he entered the volunteer service of his country as a second lieutenant in the Eleventh Kansas Regiment, and became successively captain, major, and lieutenant colonel, and was commissioned colonel of that regiment. In 1866 he was a member and was elected speaker of the Kansas house of representatives, and was also a member in the following year. Relinquishing the practice of law, he was made president of the Emporia National Bank in 1873. He was elected to the United States Senate for the term beginning on the 4th of March, 1877, and was successively elected his own successor in 1883 and 1889, his third term expiring on March 3, 1895.

It is related of him that when about twelve years of age he left his home with a little bundle of personal effects and walked 10 miles to the printing office in which he was to learn his trade, and that only a few months before his death he referred to that event and said, "That was the beginning of the journey of my life." A wonderful journey it was, trodden without pause or rest, with constant and laborious application and unceasing toil to qualify and fit him to hold fast every successive step taken and to rise higher and higher in the esteem, confidence, and love of the people of his State and of the whole country. Most truly can it be said, "he was the architect of his own fortune."

Self-educated, without the advantages of a classical or university education, without fortune, and without influential and helpful friends, he became a printer, an editor, a lawyer, a colonel in our volunteer army, a State legislator, a bank president, and a United States Senator, elected successively for three terms, ever retaining a conscious memory of the successive steps he had taken and never growing haughty or self-conceited, and faithfully and efficiently discharging the duties of every position to the satisfaction of the persons interested and with credit and honor to himself.

He possessed a broad, strong, active mind, and with judicial clearness comprehended the solution of questions presented, and with clear, rapid judgment executed his plans.

He was a true representative of the great masses of the people, familiar and in warm sympathy with their wants and best interests as seen by him.

In every position in his eventful career he achieved success by his indomitable energy, perseverance, close, studious application, and determined will power. As a friend, he was true and faithful; as a husband he was tender, loving, and devoted to his invalid companion; and as a father, kind and affectionate.

He was a firm believer in the Christian faith and all it implies.

In this last sad memorial service in this Chamber I tender to his bereft wife and children heartfelt condolence and sympathy, and commend them to our only great Comforter in such afflictions.

In bestowing upon PRESTON B. PLUMB the high and responsible position he so ably and conspicuously filled for so many years the good people of Kansas honored themselves and gave to the whole country a faithful and useful Senator, who discharged his laborious duties with credit and honor to them and to himself.

ADDRESS OF MR MORRILL, OF VERMONT.

Mr. MORRILL. Mr. President, the early incidents in the life of our deceased associate have been already faithfully portrayed, but they are so remarkable that they will bear repetition. The late Senator PLUMB was a man of positive forces of character, and forces which swiftly advanced his progress, step after step, in various spheres of life, no matter by what conditions confronted or surrounded. He seemed to know how to make himself useful and had the courage to go straight about it. With only a common-school education and some knowledge in the art of printing, he went from Ohio to Kansas in 1856, at the age of 19, and of course became familiar with the heroic history of that liberty-loving State. It was not long before he became an editor and proprietor of a newspaper, and was admitted to the bar in 1861; elected to the Kansas Legislature in 1862, where he was promptly made chairman of the judiciary committee, and was soon after made the recorder of the supreme court of Kansas. The same year

he entered the volunteer service as second lieutenant of the Eleventh Kansas Infantry, and was successively made captain, major, lieutenant-colonel, and colonel. Again he was elected to the Kansas house of representatives in 1866 and chosen as speaker, and was also a member of the house the following year. In 1877, before he was 40 years of age, he was elected to the Senate of the United States, of which he remained a prominent member until his decease.

It will be noticed that the deceased, while yet young, was no idler, and so acquitted himself in all the civil and military duties with which from time to time he was charged that his advance came rapidly and surely. He had not been long in the Senate when he informed me, at a time when I happened to be a member of the committee to arrange the membership of the committees of the Senate, that he was extremely desirous to be placed where he could do more work, and therefore wanted some place on the Committee on Appropriations. This he obtained without objections, and it is needless to mention that he handled with fidelity and vigor such bills as were alloted to his charge. As chairman of the Committee on Public Lands his services were laborious and important, especially in rescuing unearned railroad land grants.

Upon his appearance in the Senate at the opening of the present session, his robust form and confident bearing gave no visible indication of any infirmity or of any early termination of his earthly career. Few of his Senatorial associates here apparently had a fairer outlook and promise of health and life. His sudden demise found us all unprepared and enforces the oft-repeated truth that the grim messenger, waiting to introduce us all to the mysteries of another world, is no respecter of persons, but comes in "such an hour as ye think not."

Since my service began in the Senate the death roll is long, including five Presidents and also an equal number of Vice-Presidents.

The Senate itself is commonly reckoned as a conservative and preservative body, where "few die and none resign," but that is confuted by the past occurrence of rigorous facts. I find to day but two honored Senators here who were members of the Senate at the time of my entrance; and within twenty-five years the number of those who have died while in office or after the expiration of their terms of service is over ninety.

Some of these ninety Senators were counted in their day as among the foremost public men of the Republic, and all of them had some real excellence or ability, some well-marked personality, that peculiarly commended them to the favor of their respective States. There were a few silent members whose judgment in committee work was reverenced as almost infallible. Some had that "resistless eloquence" which wielded at will their hearers. Others were ready, brilliant, and cogent on the spur of the moment in parliamentary debate. Those who witnessed the intellectual resources, the wisdom and wit often here exhibited, felt sure the speakers would "leave something to after time" which the world "would not willingly let die."

It will still be remembered, I hope, that the Senate has been decorated, within the period mentioned, by the services of such distinguished members as Sumner and Wilson, Morton and Hendricks, Fessenden and Hamlin, Ben Wade, Pendleton and Matthews, Garrett Davis and Beck, Anthony, Foster, Van Winkle, Ben. H. Hill, Reverdy Johnson, Pomeroy, Zach. Chandler, Windom, Conkling, Howe and Matt Carpenter, Nye, Casserly, Dixon, Grimes, Frelinghuysen, David Davis, and Logan, as well as by others yet living, though no longer members of the Senate; but brevity of Senatorial service here and brevity of life after such service, with few exceptions, would seem to have been the fate of a majority of our predecessors.

Senator PLUMB delivered his speeches without notes, in a

loud, clear voice, with abounding gesticulation, and with a steam-triphammer rapidity of utterance. Obviously, he was always much in earnest, having no thought of defeat or retreat and dreading no assailant. His unquestionable ability, his occasional aggressiveness in debate, his varied information, gathered from diligent observation, and his considerable fund of mirth-provoking anecdotes when among his familiar friends will serve to perpetuate his name, his individuality, and robust traits of character.

The deceased Senator was a hard and pushing worker, largely interested in many financial enterprises, such as banking, mining, and railroads, and for the latter years of his life it is now evident that the multiplied and onerous demands made upon his time and constitution by his business affairs, opening wider and wider by their general success, together with official duties here, and the annual strain of a political State campaign, had overtasked and undermined his nervous system and great natural strength. He had not recognized that there ever could be any abatement of his normal vigor, nor contemplated rest until it was too late.

Some years ago I was happy in having made not only the acquaintance of Senator PLUMB, but also that of his beloved wife and family, some of whom were long-time invalids; and no husband or father could exhibit greater care or tenderer devotion to whatever tended to promote their health or happiness. However great the loss may be computed here, it will be far greater at the home in Kansas, where the sad affliction fixes an incurable grief. We can here only offer our brief tribute to the deceased Senator and our deep sympathy with his bereaved family.

ADDRESS OF MR. DANIEL, OF VIRGINIA.

Mr. DANIEL. Mr. President, life—its conditions, developments, and improvements—is the constant subject of progressive thought. We learn much of its laws. We succor its weakness. We sharpen its faculties. We diversify its usefulness. We enrich it with learning. We adorn it with trophies. We regale it with sculpture and picture and song. Science repairs its infirmities and may even prolong its days. But what know we of death? No more than he who first stood awe-struck and mystified and dumb before one dead. Philosophy tenders its consolations. The universal instinct of man reaches through the darkness with yearning to live forever. The dream of immortality floats through "life's fitful fever" and Christianity cheers the hope of a life beyond the grave. Our dull senses fail us under the burden of thoughts too vast for comprehension or too subtle to be put in words. The infinite touches us, the finite, with a point of hope, and then time and space envelope us with mysteries impenetrable. Yet whatever we believe or fancy, one thing we know: We know we are in our Maker's hands. We know that God is on the other side of the river of life to which we go, even as He was on the side from which we came. Where He is it must be well. Let us be comforted; we are in our Maker's keeping.

Such hours as these, spent in commemoration of those who have lived and labored with us, are not to be begrudged. It has been remarked that over twenty days of the Fifty-first Congress were consumed in rites for the dead, and some have suggested that we should devote the Sabbath to them, that legislation may uninterruptedly proceed. I am sure that this view can not spring from indifference to the memories of the de-

parted; it springs rather from the strain of public duty and the burden of public care. Those who have not experienced what those duties and burdens are have but little conception of their multitude or their magnitude. The legislative affairs of over sixty millions of people concentrate here in the hands of little more than four hundred men; their labors begin with the earliest movements of business in the morning; they close only in the deep middle of the night, when sleep is upon man. For the legislative public servant there is no eight-hour law, nor twelve-hour law.

The correspondence of a Senator or Representative, his committee work, and his business with the Departments would each consume the full time of a hard-working man. Yet when these tasks are done there remains yet undone the main work of his mission here, the enactment of laws for a great nation, comprehending the complex concerns of forty-four Common wealths, unified as a Republic, in whose immensity is prefigured the universal nation. The many deaths amongst members of Congress is probably due more to the strain upon their mental and physical faculties than to any other cause, and in the death of the distinguished Senator whom we mourn to-day there is but little doubt that this cause found its natural effect and gathered to the dust its latest victim.

Senator PLUMB was all aglow with his tasks. He loved his work and his work grew upon him. His restless, active, earnest, aggressive nature knew no stop or stay. He seized upon his tasks with avidity. He grappled with them as he would assail a fortress; he clung to them with relentless diligence and dispatched them with fervid zeal. But as he curtailed in one direction they grew in another. The water ran into the ship faster than the sailor could bail it out. His work consumed him even as he consumed it; he was rolling the stone of Sisyphus, and as he rolled it up the hill it rolled back and over him—and he is dead!

Born in Ohio in 1837, he died suddenly in the city of Washington on the 20th day of December last, in the very fullness of his remarkable career. A common-school education and a printer's apprenticeship constituted his equipment for the battles of life. Ere he was 20 years of age he migrated to Kansas and there settled. In that fresh young State, with its teeming opportunities, he found a fitting theater for his industrious, aspiring nature, and his career was upward and onward until he filled a great space and became an important factor in the affairs of his State and country.

Coming to the bar in 1861, his diligence ere long won for him the position of reporter of the supreme court. Entering the army as a second lieutenant, he passed the successive grades of captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, and at the close of hostilities was the commander of his regiment. Entering legislative service as a member of the constitutional convention of 1859, he was elected to the lower house of the Legislature in 1862 and became chairman of its judiciary committee. Again a legislator in 1867, he was chosen speaker. Ten years later he was elected United States Senator and twice he was reëlected to succeed himself. He was the natural offspring of the boundless opportunities of a free land and a true type of the progressive Western man of this rushing age. With a constitution of iron, he plunged into the seething currents of political and business life. Vigor marked all his efforts, success crowned his undertakings, and, as lawyer, statesman, soldier, and business man, he reaped rewards and honors. The continued support and confidence bestowed upon him by his people better bespoke his capacities and the esteem in which he was held than any eulogy of words.

His training as a parliamentarian and lawyer and legislator prepared him well for his duties here, and for many years he took a conspicuous part in framing and discussing measures

before this body. As a debater he ranked high. Quick in perception, ready and eager for action, positive, direct, and aggressive in his methods, he lost no time in striking at the main point and against it he hurled his stores of facts and figures with decisive aim. The lighter adjuncts of debate, the play of humor and the flight of fancy, he seldom called into requisition. Plain in manner, unaffected in style, strong in purpose, caring little for ornament and all for matter, ever earnest and forcible and often impassioned, he discussed no subject that he did not illumine with contributions of thought and knowledge.

Senator PLUMB was a man of affairs. The character of his mind was eminently practical. His executive capacities were great. At the head of any great enterprise he would have made his mark. From the beginning he looked toward the end, subordinating theory to accomplishment, and result was the goal on which his eyes were fastened and to which his steps ever hastened. Well informed on public matters and keeping pace with advanced thought on leading questions, he moved with the pioneers of his party to their solution. As a rule he never separated from his political party by going too far ahead or lagging behind, and he was an intense, earnest Republican. But he was independent and self-reliant. He kept in touch with his constituents. His sympathies were with popular interests, and time and again he voted his convictions for lighter taxation and for liberal financial legislation regardless of the majority of his political associates against him.

The eagerness of his disposition made Senator PLUMB a partisan, and the struggles in his State, where contending ideas came in fierce collision, doubtless tired his enthusiasm and intensified his convictions. But as the years of peace rolled by their ameliorating influences were exemplified in his conduct.

I recall this day with pleasure that in all the discussions here I never once heard him utter words of bitterness towards my section or its people. In the restoration of the South he took deep interest. He was loath to interfere with the good influences which were at work to harmonize its elements and to restore its prosperity, and the partisan felt the impulses of the patriot in dealing with questions that touched the structure of society and the welfare of the people.

When I came to the Senate in 1887 Senator PLUMB had long been one of its leading members. My acquaintance with him then began. In his marked courtesy and kindness to me, which he went out of his way to manifest, he impressed me with a sense of his amiable and sociable disposition and excited grateful regards, which I shall long cherish. Two instances, small in themselves, gave me an insight into his character. Once in debate he used words which grated very harshly upon me and I thought them unprovoked. Stifling the impulse to respond resentfully, I went, as soon as he took his seat, to his side and called his attention to them. With a beaming smile on his face he stretched out his hand to me, and what he said instantly removed all unpleasantness, and his act and words were so frank and gracious that I felt strongly drawn to him.

Again, I went one day to speak to him at his desk; papers and books were piled up before him and he seemed absorbed in the maze of statistical facts and figures, but the book before him was not of the kind I expected to see. "If you wish to read something lovely," he said, "read this," and he handed me Arnold's Light of Asia, with a marked passage of exquisite beauty; and he added, as I expressed surprise at seeing him with such a book at such a time, such words as these, "Oh, I am reading this to rest myself from these weary tasks."

I know full well, from sources that I need not name, of acts of kindness done by Senator PLUMB which could only come

from a heart touched with the gentle charities of humanity. Underneath his strong and sometimes rough exterior there were recesses of tender thought and feeling which sought expression in good deeds.

Gone from us to return no more; fallen in his prime; taken in the twinkling of an eye to his long home, may his good deeds embalm his memory and bear solace to those to whom he was nearest and dearest; and may we not hope that he rests well now from his weary tasks and that it is true, as the Asian prophet says?

> With death the sunrise comes:
> The dewdrop slips into the shining sea.

Address of Mr. Dolph, of Oregon.

Mr. Dolph. Mr. President, we have laid aside for an hour the business of the Senate, matters of state which demand attention, questions of politics which array us against one another and lead to acrimonious discussion and mutual denunciation, to unite, with saddened hearts and subdued utterances, in paying our last tribute of respect to the memory of our departed brother.

I should feel condemned if I failed to add my humble tribute to the eulogies already pronounced and to be pronounced to the memory of our colleague. He was one of the first of the members of this body when I entered the Senate to welcome me; and with his aid I was placed upon the Committee on Public Lands, of which he was chairman, and our intercourse was thenceforth most pleasant and friendly. I was greatly shocked by his death and felt that I had lost a personal friend.

We are again reminded of our mortality and that great usefulness, public honors, and exalted position furnish no exemption from the shafts of the insatiate archer. "Death meets

us everywhere and is procured by every instrument." It is the law of our being, the unalterable decree of Heaven. In an unexpected hour he comes, and the laurel is changed into cypress, the equipage of earthly power into the pall and the hearse. Man gathers riches. He spends his days for the things which perish with their using. He secures wealth and power and position and is snatched away and others enter into his labors and enjoy the things which cost him his life. In the pride of the strength of manhood, in the full possession of his natural powers, in the zenith of his usefulness, in the confidence and esteem of his colleagues in this Chamber and of his countrymen, with ambitions for greater influence and bright hopes for the future, unexpectedly and almost without notice the messenger came to him we mourn. In the morning the summons came, and before the morning's sun had reached its meridian his spirit had left its earthly tenement and winged its flight to give an account to the Author of its existence.

When we last saw him and heard him upon this floor he was the apparent embodiment of health and strength and seemed to have the promise of many years of usefulness and activity before him. None would have made the prophecy that the first seat to be vacated in the Senate would be that of the senior Senator from Kansas.

I shall not attempt to recount the incidents of the life and the public services of Senator PLUMB. That duty has already been well performed by those better qualified for the task. During my service upon the Committee on Public Lands many important matters were brought before the committee for consideration, and I had ample opportunity to judge of the capacity of our deceased brother. He was always quick to perceive a point and had an amazing ability to present his views forcibly and tersely. He was a growing man. His mental powers were kept in constant tension. His wonderful

ability to grasp a question, to gather and retain information concerning it, and present his views upon it, increased with every year. The clearness and vigor of his intellect have been too often shown in this Chamber to be questioned. We were all often surprised at the masterly manner with which he absorbed information and presented measures pending in the Senate.

I think I do no man an injustice when I say that, for untiring industry, exhaustless energy, for ability to comprehend a subject and present a proposition, and power to produce results in legislation, no man in the Senate or who has been a member since I entered it surpassed Senator PLUMB. He possessed in an unusual degree the rude elements so well suited to successful conflicts in pioneer life. It is true that he lacked the polish which is given by a college education, that he did not possess the graces of oratory; but he had been schooled in the experiences of frontier life, in the great struggle between freedom and slavery in Kansas, in the camp, on the march, and in the shock of battle in defense of the Union, upon the stump in the great political contests since the war, by participation in the promotion and prosecution of great business enterprises for the development of his State and the country at large, in the sharp encounters of the debates of this Chamber, and in the multifarious public duties of his long and successful career.

What he lacked in polish and discipline imparted by schools he more than made up by his native ability, his knowledge of men and of practical affairs, his directness and mental force, the abundance, simplicity, and clearness of his style. If the masterly use of plain, terse, vigorous, and logical English, which carries conviction and secures the sympathies of one's auditors, is eloquence, he was eloquent.

He detested shams, hypocrisy, and display, and affected to despise titles and distinctions of worldly honor. He was too

busy for the duties of social life and apparently indifferent to the laws of so-called society. He neither feared danger nor shrank from responsibility. He thought for himself and formed his own conclusions, and by his utterances and his votes in this body sometimes antagonized his party; but in an emergency, when his vote was needed to carry a party measure, never failed it.

His conception of the mission of man upon this earth appeared to be similar to that of Chapin when he wrote, "Man was sent into the world to be a growing and exhaustless force. The world was spread out around him to be seized and conquered. Realms of infinite truth burst open above him, inviting him to tread those shining courts along which Newton dropped his plummet and Herschel sailed, a Columbus of the skies."

The history of the State he served so faithfully can not be fairly written but his name will be found inscribed on almost every page, and his labors will be chronicled in the account of the years of her early struggles and of her later prosperity, and in the history of Congress, since he occupied a seat in this Hall, his work will form a conspicuous part.

Thousands of hearts have been made glad and thousands of homes made brighter, not only in Kansas, but in other States of the Union, by his aid, and thousands felt a sense of personal loss when he died. I was a member of the committee which accompanied the remains of our lamented brother to his Western home and assisted in the last sad rites over them. No tribute we can bring to the memory of our deceased friend can equal that of the people of his own State and of his fellow townsmen, who, on our mournful journey through the State and at his funeral, vied with one another to show their sorrow and respect. We found the State literally in mourning. The people who congregated at the capital of the State and at the city of his residence were not drawn together for a holiday or

from idle curiosity. Everywhere were seen the badges of mourning. Upon every countenance unfeigned sorrow was depicted. On every side were the expressions of both public loss and private sorrow. The general manifestations of sorrow were not so much for the loss of a public servant as for a personal friend. Few men in public life have managed to so identify themselves with the people and to secure their love and confidence.

After we entered the State of Kansas, at nearly every station were the scarred veterans of the late war, with the flags of the Grand Army posts draped in mourning. The universal mourning, the sense of sorrow and loss which pervaded the scene and seemed to hang like a leaden pall over the entire State and to dim the bright sunshine of the splendid December days, found its center and culminating point in the home and family of the deceased. Impressive indeed were the simple services in that far Western home, in the presence of the stricken wife and children, the mourning relatives and intimate friends of the deceased. The solemnity and sacredness of the occasion made me almost feel as if my presence was an intrusion. In God's acre, near the city he helped to found and whose prosperity he ever labored to promote, in the State of his adoption, in the glorious sunlight of a December day, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, and with the touching and beautiful ceremonial of their order, the mortal remains of our lamented brother were committed to Mother Earth to await the resurrection day.

His work is done. His restless activity, his tireless energy, no longer have part or lot in the affairs of earth. The seasons will come and go, spring flowers will grow about his grave, winter storms will beat upon it, but his senseless ear will not be reached with the voice of approbation or of censure.

As death invades our ranks and removes a colleague from

our number and causes a pause in the busy scenes of the Senate, how are we reminded of the shortness and uncertainty of human life! Standing by the new-made graves of Hearst, of Wilson, and of PLUMB, and mentally asking ourselves who of our number will next be singled out by the grim archer, can we fail to be impressed with the vanity of earthly things? How insignificant all those things for which we toil are when we reflect that the end of earthly things will surely come to us as it came to them! Position, power, influence, how little can they minister for consolation at such a time! In such an hour human sympathy is unavailing. There is but one consolation, that which comes to stricken hearts from the hope that death is not the end of man, a belief that answers in the affirmative the question "If a man die, shall he live again?" and enables its possessor to look forward to a reunion with the loved and lost beyond the grave, where sickness and sorrow and death can not enter.

When the minister who conducted the religious services at his funeral suggested that although his eventful and active life was closed here our departed colleague might be entering, in another world, upon the activities of a nobler life which would be immortal, the remark seemed to bring to me the thought of a future life with new meaning, that of activity, usefulness, and development. Let us be consoled with the hope that the energies of our departed brother have found on wider fields and in more delightful employment opportunities for renewed activity.

Socrates, when about to drink the hemlock, consoled his friends by saying: "If the soul be immortal and perpetual rewards be laid up for wise souls, then I lose nothing by my death; but, if it be not, then I lose nothing by my opinion; for it supports my spirit in its passage and the evil of being deceived can not overtake me when I have no being."

The Christian does not, like Socrates, grope in darkness and uncertainty to find the evidence of immortality, but his hope, built upon the promises contained in God's revealed will to man, looks forward to a brighter life of eternal blessedness and joy.

ADDRESS OF MR. ALLISON, OF IOWA.

Mr. ALLISON. Mr. President, as has been said, it is fitting that we should from time to time occupy a brief period in paying tribute to our departed brethren in this body. My knowledge of Senator PLUMB and my relations to him during nearly the entire time of his service here make it fitting that I should say something on this occasion. His death was sudden and wholly unexpected to his associates in this Chamber. He had just emerged from active participation in the reorganization of the committees of this body, always a difficult task at the beginning of a Congress. I remember that only a day or two before his death he said to me that that reorganization had taken much time and given him considerable anxiety, because of the large number of new Senators entering the body, and he was glad it had been so well and so satisfactorily arranged and disposed of, little thinking for the moment that the next business of the committee of which he was an active member would be to arrange to fill the places which he himself occupied.

I shall not enter into the details of the life and services of Senator PLUMB prior to his entrance into this body. That has already been done graphically by his colleague [Mr. PEFFER] and by others who have preceded me. It is a most interesting and instructive story to those who may study his life and public service. It discloses his aggressive spirit and his com-

bative nature, so well described by the Senator from Virginia [Mr. DANIELS]. These were not only natural to him, but in a large degree were the result of his early education, training, and association. When he sought a new home he migrated to the new Territory of Kansas, and doubtless the situation there induced him to leave his native State to participate in the struggles there. No one knew better than he at that time the nature of the contest waging there. He has described to me many times the portion of that journey which lay through my own State. He and his little band of companions landed on the west bank of the Mississippi, at Davenport, in Iowa, and and with wagons containing small arms and a 2-pounder field piece, in addition to their ordinary luggage, they traversed the State of Iowa from the Mississippi to the Missouri.

It was no holiday journey to them. They were to take part in that great preliminary conflict in the State of Kansas which shook this nation afterward and reverberated around the world. Mr. PLUMB took active part in that conflict from 1856 to 1861, and then in the larger conflict that followed, and, when that had ended, he returned to Kansas and took an active part in the development and growth of the State. That growth was remarkable not only as to the character of its beginning, but in all stages of its development later on. His personality was so conspicuous, his ability was so well recognized among his associates and so commanding, as to make it fitting that the Legislature of the State should designate him as one of its Senators at the early age of 40. But few men, in the struggles and activities that lead to this Chamber, reach it at this early age. I doubt if there are more than three or four of those now in this body who reached it at the age of 40.

When I heard the distinguished Senator from Illinois [Mr. Palmer], in his able speech this morning on his proposed amendment, recounting the dreams of the fathers of the Con-

stitution as to what the Senate was likely to be, that is, that it would be composed of the most eminent men of the several States, my mind recurred at once to Senator PLUMB as a distinguished illustration of the realization of that dream, not only as respects his being one of the strongest men in his State, but also as an illustration of the fact that during all his period of service here he largely and truly represented the sentiment of his State and its people upon the public questions that from time to time have appeared here for public debate and legislative action.

I first became personally acquainted with Senator PLUMB on his entrance here as a member of this body. In March, 1881, by the accidents and chances of this Chamber, it so happened that three Senators from the Democratic side left the Senate who were members of the Committee on Appropriations, leaving upon the committee as Democrats Senator Davis of West Virginia and Senator Beck, the Democrats having a majority of the committee during the Forty-sixth Congress. It so happened also that at that time the term of one Republican Senator, also a member of the committee, ceased, and two other Republicans, Senator Blaine and Senator Windom, both members of the committee, were invited into the Cabinet of President Garfield. So but three members of the committee in the Forty-sixth Congress were left when the Forty-seventh began. The Republican party was in the majority then, and Senators Logan, Dawes, Hale, and PLUMB were added to the Committee on Appropriations from the Republican side and Senators Ransom and Cockrell from the Democratic side.

Thus a majority of the members of the committee were new in its service, although Senators Logan, Dawes, and Hale had had large experience on the committee in the House of Representatives. Thus newly organized the committee entered upon its important work.

Senator PLUMB entered upon the work with zeal and brought to the consideration of the subjects considered his great ability, untiring industry, and active watchfulness, and soon became familiar with the work, and continued until the time of his death as one of its most efficient, faithful, and devoted members. No task assigned him was left undone or partially done.

He patiently investigated every detail, not only as to the bills in his special charge, but in committee gave full attention to all the great appropriation bills annually reported to carry on the Government, and always participated in the debates that followed upon contested points in the Senate, thus contributing largely and actively in the solution of questions coming from that committee. So in conference with the other House, tenacious of the views of the Senate, he was always willing to reach a conclusion by fair and just compromise of conflicting opinions developed between the two Houses. So that he was a most able, valuable, and useful member of the committee for ten years.

During this time death has laid a heavy hand upon the members of the committee. First Gen. Logan, then Senator Beck, and last, but not least in any sense, Senator PLUMB.

Although not early trained in the arts of the schools, I need not say to older members of this Chamber that he was one of its ablest and most accomplished debaters, not in the ornamentations that characterized his speech, but in the persuasiveness and power of his arguments. Whilst he always had a purpose, and a will to execute that purpose, he was patient in its accomplishment. I could give many illustrations of this, I need give but one. For many years he desired, as did the people of the Southwest, not only the far Southwest, in Texas, but in the adjacent States of Missouri, Kansas, and Arkansas, that the Indian Territory, which was held there as in a sack, should be opened up to settlement by the citizens of the United

States, in order that that region might be more rapidly developed. Indian treaties and obligations to the five tribes were in the way. There were those who sought to open this Territory without regard to our treaty obligations with the Indians.

If the statutes relating to this subject and the debates leading to their passage are examined, it will be seen that Senator PLUMB was the pioneer in this Chamber, as I believe his successor, Mr. Perkins, was in the other, of a series of statutes that have resulted in the establishment of the Territory of Oklahoma, and which will result in the future in absorbing into a single civilized State of the Union all there is now left of what was known for many years as the Indian Territory. Senator PLUMB, with his energy, his watchfulness of opportune times, with his power of persuasion and his patience, accomplished as much if not more in this Chamber and in Congress for the region that he more immediately represented than any other Senator upon this floor, and I do not wish to disparage other Senators or their efforts.

When he went to the Territory of Kansas it was sparsely inhabited, and only on the margin of its great river, and was practically an Indian reservation. Its prairies were as wild as the flowers that grew upon them, and the streams of Kansas had only recently reflected the face of the white man, if we except the travelers that crossed it to the Pacific Ocean. When the State of Kansas was admitted in 1861 it had only a fraction over one hundred thousand people. So even when Senator PLUMB came into this Chamber many of the questions arising out of Indian reservations and homestead settlements and the occupation of the public lands were unsettled and required legislation to make sure the titles to the lands of those who had taken homesteads or made purchases for homes· all of these difficult questions received his assiduous care.

He was representing a new State, so truly characterized by

the Senator from Kansas, his colleague [Mr. Peffer], as a State abnormal in its growth, which is without a parallel in the history of any State in the Union. That growth carried into the State of Kansas, during his service of fourteen years in this Chamber, a population equal to one-half of the present population. So Senator PLUMB had not only these great interests in this Chamber to support and subserve, but he had also the private wishes and wants and needs of a new and rapidly growing constituency in the various Executive Departments.

I have often thought that Senators in this Chamber representing more easterly States have but little knowledge of the immense detail of business that a representative in this Chamber of a Western State has as respects the public lands, as respects questions growing out of the Indian situation, and above all as respects questions growing out of the pension legislation and the needs of applicants for pensions. A recurrence to the statistics of pensioners will disclose the fact that in proportion to the population the State of Kansas has a larger number of pensioners than any other State in this Union. The tendency of the men who served in the war and who are drawing pensions from our Government was for many years to migrate westward from the older States of the Union. Therefore it was that Senator PLUMB had upon his shoulders during the fourteen years of his public service not only the great questions which always arise affecting the whole country which he participated in here so fully and so ably in debate and otherwise, but he also had other great questions of a special and local character requiring legislation and careful attention in the Departments. All these required constant and continuous effort. So he was, as stated by the Senator from Missouri [Mr. Cockrell], a worker in season and out of season.

But with all this he had an ambition above and beyond, so well stated by his colleague, and that was an ambition to suc-

ceed in a business way. Whilst he was engaged here in his public work and leaving nothing undone that required his attention, he engaged in enterprises and activities not only in his own State, but in many other States. He had caught that spirit of speculation and thrift and energy incident to the new State of Kansas, which inclined him to make ventures in other fields of investment, where safe and profitable.

He often differed with his party friends in this Chamber as respects public measures, and did not hesitate to express his views with courage. But he also believed that in a free government like ours we would in the future as heretofore have government by party as respects public policies and public measures; so he always acted with the Republican party, and was one of its leaders, because he believed that it more nearly reflected his views upon great public questions than any other.

So, Mr. President, I pay this brief tribute to our departed friend, knowing how imperfect it is.

His career is one of the most remarkable and unique in our history. Without early opportunity, such as is the fortune of most of those who enter this Chamber, by his ability, his energy, his force of character, he forged his way to the highest place of power and influence in this body and in the country. His associates here, the people of his own State, and the country at large mourn his loss and revere his memory.

Address of Mr. Turpie, of Indiana.

Mr. Turpie. Mr. President, Preston B. Plumb, the late Senator from Kansas, was an excellent type of the class of statesmen belonging to the era which followed the civil war. His public or official life commenced during the period of that great conflict, and in its course was nearly equally divided be-

tween service to his State and the nation. Living in a debatable and border land, where smothered war was the condition long before hostilities became flagrant, schooled by the rough discipline incident thereto, he had been a soldier even before he joined the army of the Union. His bearing was always that of the soldier; not the trained regular, but the volunteer who had taken up arms for a certain cause with a certain purpose.

Chosen to a seat in the Senate of the United States at the age of 40, without previous Congressional experience, he from the first took and always afterwards retained a conspicuous part in the debates and proceedings of this branch of the National Legislature. Such a position, under these circumstances, could only have been assumed by one of quick apprehension, of superior address, strong convictions, and powers of rapid generalization, traits in his character well marked and recognized. His frequent participation in debate did not lessen his work in private conference or in the committee room.

The cast of his mind was in all things practical. He was thoroughly devoted to the realities of life. To be of use—of present use—to those whom he immediately represented and the larger constituency of the whole country, this was the aim of his ambition. In the pursuit of it he exhibited a hospitality of spirit, an expansive sympathy, and an enthusiasm ever fresh; welcomed cheerfully all labor, all difficulties, all detractions which might attend it. Though ordinarily a zealous and steadfast partisan, he sometimes left the camp of his political associates to stand upon what he deemed to be the side of the people.

Charged in conversation upon a recent occasion of this sort, half jocosely, with desertion, he answered, "I am no deserter; I have joined—I have only just now joined—the force to which I belong in this fight."

Though he frequently addressed the Senate he did not confine himself to a single theme. He spoke, and spoke well, upon a wide range of subjects.

The style was like the man, robust, earnest, animated.

The salient points of a question he selected with unerring discernment. On these he dwelt—seldom made or suffered a diversion. His manner of reasoning was incisive, direct. He often traveled across lots to a conclusion stated with clearness, force, and brevity. He dealt not much with the old past or its history, not even with that of his own country. The past for him was the period just before the war. It was not often that he alluded to a date more ancient. Indeed, in a life crowded with action he had not much opportunity, perhaps little taste, for contemplative study or research.

To the questions of the day he gave the answers of the day, of the hour, as they were suggested by a mind self-taught, well furnished, and of singular vigor and originality.

From the multiplicity of his labors and manifold variety of the public affairs in which he was employed and concerned, it is not probable that he usually made more than one examination of the subject in argument. He looked but once, but in that one look he saw more than most of us. He was too much hurried to have derived his strength from prolonged deliberation; it came rather from his swiftness of vision and his capacity instantly to summon his intellectual faculties at their best to his support. Leisure he did not desire; he had not reached that period of life when one of his mental characteristics might have enjoyed it.

After a service of nearly fifteen years in this body, he died at the age of 54. He had scarcely passed the midsummer of his days. Autumn may have slightly tinged his views of men and things in the world as he had at first seen them, but he had taken no measured retrospect even of his own career; the

winter of age he had not felt. Could he have tarried with us longer, remaining as he would a member of this body, what of profit might we not have expected and received from the gathered wisdom, the reasoned experience from the large growth in statesmanship which most certainly awaited his maturer years?

What can any account be of such a life, closing so prematurely, but a sketch? The life itself was merely an outline, a design unfinished.

I recollect very well an eloquent digression of this Senator, which we heard with delight during the session of the last Congress. The immediate subject of discussion was irrigation. Some measure relating to this then pending, as he thought, involved the exclusion from actual settlement of large areas of the public lands containing sources and stores of water, and with this also much larger tracts adjacent, dependent upon these sources for supply. He made a cursory review of the general land policy of the Government, showing what a rich inheritance had been once in possession of the people; how the preëmption and the homestead laws had made the poorest man an heir thereof.

He deplored the methods in which this magnificent patrimony had been wasted, the way in which homes had been hindered, harmed, and destroyed by profuse and extravagant grants and subventions to schemes of corporate speculation. He said that in the home of the husbandman upon his small subdivision of 80 or 160 acres, dotting the long lines of double frontier approaching each other from either seaboard—that in these lay the strength, the defense, and fortress of American liberty, and that the residue of this estate, as far as his action might avail, should in the future be faithfully administered to the end that these homes, the citadels of freedom, might be multiplied and replenished. The close of his remarks was suf-

fused with a pathos rarely heard in this presence. Many Senators left their seats to tender him their congratulations upon a declaration so frank, so manifestly sincere, which attracted as much attention elsewhere as in this house.

Though not thought of at the time, this proved to be his final expression of opinion upon this subject, a subject to which he had devoted many years of unremitting toil and solicitude. One could hardly have wished for a nobler ending.

As our departed brother lived in haste, so he died. Though well versed in and faithfully observant of the rules and usages of the Senate, it seems that upon this occasion he neither asked nor obtained leave of absence. He is absent without leave—without our leave, not without the leave and order of the All-wise Master of Assemblies presiding in the councils of the just.

He left us with little notice or warning, without ceremony, without much ado. We may fancy his revisiting shade entering to-day this Chamber, hushed in quiet, would ask, as his manner was, brusquely, but kindly, "Why should there have been any ceremony? Summoned by such a messenger, I must needs go and go at once." Or, indeed, why should there be anything of ceremonial following the death of the heir presumptive of an ancient and mighty kingdom which should not also attend the demise of this prince, not presumptive or apparent, but reigning, crowned and throned in the hearts of the people, sovereigns of a wide domain, who gave to him his title, who claimed and received his homage and his most loyal service?

The district and state of death form only a vast democracy in which all are equals; yet when one who has been ennobled by the people dies the event may be well noted, that those who live, are yet to live, may learn the worth, the way of this advancement, wherein may be read the story of a life, in any earthly sense too short, broken and interrupted, quite worthy of remembrance.

A child born far from the purple, reared in poverty and obscurity, who in his youth walked buoyantly enough along the common path awhile, by his unaided effort and capacity strode from height to height, until he had neither faintly nor dimly inscribed his name among the lawgivers and rulers of a great nation. And there the curtain falls: a famous actor, busied with the scene, deeply engaged in his part, suddenly quits the stage, never to be called back.

Not the thundering plaudits of encore from the listening multitudes who but last summer hung upon the accents of his stirring eloquence, not the tenderest appeals of those nearer voices, whose lightest whisper he had been wont to regard, none of these now reach or touch him.

The curtain, fallen for a brief space, is raised again. One of the most notable characters therein has unconsciously made his last appearance. The drama proceeds.

ADDRESS OF MR. HALE, OF MAINE.

Mr. HALE. Mr. President, after all that has been so well said I can only speak of the late Senator from Kansas as we saw him here. When he died this body lost one of its ablest members. Wherever Mr. PLUMB was he made himself felt, and this floor afforded a fitting arena for the display of his great abilities. Few important measures in the past fifteen years have become laws without the help of his forming hand. Few schemes of doubtful wisdom have gone to their grave without being assisted thereto by him. His activity and energy were immense, and his investigation and reflection covered the widest range of subjects. His service upon important committees was so faithful that whenever a meeting was called it found him present, prepared and ready for work. He made this his business, and if he had doubts to raise and objections to urge these

were first brought forward in the committee room. He was in this respect an example whom we will do well to follow.

On this floor he never championed a measure without first studying it from all sides, and no man here could maintain his cause better than Mr. PLUMB. He was by nature aggressive, and I think all of us felt that we were undertaking a dangerous business when we opposed him, and that we needed to be armed and equipped most completely, else our discomfiture would be certain, inevitable. He scrutinized closely all important bills, and whenever, as the result of such scrutiny, he became the assailant, the Senator who had charge of the bill so assailed needed to have all his wits about him if he would save his measure.

Not a few of us have felt keenly wounds received in encounter with Mr. PLUMB; but however sharply we may have differed with him I think we have all felt that the warfare was honorable, and that in the thrust and parry of debate the deceased Senator was a fair and oftentimes generous antagonist. He could not help being positive; his whole life from boyhood had been active, earnest, and, whenever the need arose, belligerent.

His colleague, in a eulogy which I have never seen surpassed here and which seemed to me to be a model for such an occasion as this, has told us the most interesting story of that life, built up as it was by never-ceasing activity and effort. None of his successes were accidental; his great triumphs were hardly earned. The people of a great State loved and honored him and placed unqualified trust in him. The people of a greater nation were coming to know him and to properly estimate him, and he was at his best when death knocked at his door and would have entrance. Longer service here would have made his public life of still greater value, for he was growing every day; but this was not to be.

His social side was of the kind that makes it pleasant to recall it. His attachments were strong and he loved to be with his friends, and in every company where he was found he added to the sum of enjoyment. He was a liberal giver, and in the many drafts which I have known made upon his generosity I do not recall one which he did not honor, and those who knew him best will long remember the unproclaimed charities which bestowered his pathway all through life.

Our deceased colleague, Mr. President, wore himself out before his time. He hardly knew the meaning of the word rest. No man here put as many working hours into each day as he, and his work was always done at highest pressure. He had no idle moments. He was constantly investigating, reading, and thinking, and so it came about that at an age when the best part of his life ought to have been before him all the machinery of his being suddenly stopped; it could run no longer. His work was done, although much is left to do in which he, as we look at it, ought to have a part.

This great body has never too much of the earnestness, the assiduity, the experience which Mr. PLUMB furnished to its service.

The Senate, though it is beyond the constant fluctuations which are a feature of the other branch of the National Legislature, is yet a greatly shifting assembly. Mr. PLUMB, at the time of his death, had been a Senator for almost fifteen years. There are here but seven who have seen longer continuous service. They are Senators Morrill, Sherman, Ransom, Allison, Jones of Nevada, Dawes, and Cockrell. Six others took seats in this Chamber at the same time with Mr. PLUMB. All the rest of us, seventy-five in all, are, comparatively speaking, new Senators.

Mr. President, the old landmarks here are disappearing. Death, withdrawal, the mutation of politics, eat them away,

Now an oak in the forest has fallen. Which of us, as we look at that seat which he held so long, does not, through memory's vista, behold that rugged front, that aggressive presence, that intrepid, ruthless combatant? And which of us, seeing that he is not there, does not feel that in his eclipse there has passed from sight a most conspicuous figure of the United States Senate?

Mr. PEFFER. Mr. President, the senior Senator from New Jersey [Mr. McPherson] desired to take part in these memorial exercises, and he expected to do so until yesterday, when he was suddenly called away from the city; so that, very much to his regret and to our disappointment, it is not possible for him to be with us to-day.

ADDRESS OF MR. CHANDLER, OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Mr. CHANDLER. Mr. President, the notable incidents in the life and career of the lamented PRESTON B. PLUMB, as citizen, soldier of the Union, and Senator of the United States, have been recited by the senior Senator from Kansas and other Senators with minuteness, accuracy, and justice. Mr. PLUMB'S words and deeds have impressed themselves upon the minds of his people, and their influence for good has been felt far beyond the confines of his own Commonwealth. His public record will continue to stand a proud memory to Kansas, to the great West, and to the nation, each of which he served with untiring industry and with unsurpassable zeal and fidelity, inspired by a spirit of the broadest and truest patriotism.

It is permitted to me to give voice to my impressions of the characteristics of Senator PLUMB, derived from an acquaintance of years, disturbed by no controversies or discords. Physically he was a typical American, strong, erect, athletic,

and alert. Wherever he went his bearing challenged attention, suggested power, and commanded admiration. It seems that he had some premonitions of physical weakness, but this was unknown to me. I discovered none and he mentioned none in two long conversations which I held with him at the beginning of the present session of Congress. He was the last person in the Senate whom I would have expected to see suddenly and fatally struck down, and to me till the last he was a splendid specimen of American manhood.

Senator PLUMB's intellectual traits were not obscure even to a limited observer. Acuteness of perception, directness in his mental processes, candor and fairness in reasoning, fullness of information, and a vivid imagination, all manifested through unusual fluency of speech, made him formidable in extemporaneous debate. His was a rare and gifted mind: not a rough diamond, although not polished by literary culture in the halls of learning; a mind expanded, matured, and made symmetrical and brilliant by long years of contact and honorable conflict with intellects developed by experiences like his own.

His attainments were by no means provincial. After coming into public life his restless mind wandered through many fields of inquiry, and his general knowledge was ample. Our friend was wont to speak slightingly, half in jest and half in earnest, of the needs of our diplomatic service abroad. Yet he would have made a most creditable foreign minister, would have easily adapted himself to the surroundings of a diplomatic life, and would have been a favorite with all whom he met. Like some other representatives whom we have sent abroad, notably the distinguished Gen. Robert C. Schenck, by his plain, straightforward American ways he would have commanded respect and would have done honor to the great Republic.

The use which Senator PLUMB made of his great physical and mental gifts was wholly commendable. He labored for

himself and his family and acquired a handsome fortune. "Seest thou a man diligent in his business; he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men." But he neglected no public duty. He was unremitting in his attention to Senatorial questions. Few Senators maintained so large a correspondence as he did with his constituents. The settlement of vexed questions concerning the public lands, of the committee on which he was the head, received his best thought and his most earnest work. The affairs of the District of Columbia he knew by heart; and as chairman of the subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations, in charge of the District appropriation bill, he was a constant and faithful guardian of the prosperity of the Nation's Capital.

He studied economic questions with avidity and discussed them with intelligence and acuteness. On no mooted subject of legislation did he intend to be without information and an opinion; and no predictions could safely be made as to the result of any important debate without taking into account the effect of his participation. He spared himself no labor of investigation, was punctual in his attendance, shrunk from no responsibility, was fearless in his speeches and his votes, and his career will unquestionably be recorded in the history of his own State as that of an indomitable, capable, thoroughly informed, eloquent, and patriotic American Senator.

Yet to this man, apparently in robust and perfect health and destined to many years of life and labor, a sudden end came through overwork. It is a common remark that the invalids live the longest. They are careful and prudent, while the stalwart men tax their energies to the utmost and often go down prematurely like the friend we mourn. In the prime of life, at the age of fifty-four, suddenly, and with little warning, absent from his wife and his children, this great, powerful man passed away from life, and we shall hear his voice and see his face no more.

Of the many lessons to be taken to heart by the associates of the dead Senator, taught by his startling departure and by the recent deaths of other conspicuous personages, I will suggest but two, the one most evident being the trite warning of the duty of constant readiness to surrender the possessions of this life and to meet the mysteries of the next. "Among all things that are done under the sun," the Psalmist says there is one event which cometh alike to all, "for man also knoweth not his time." Yet strangely does it appear, says a philosophical writer, that the very lapse of time which brings death nearer to us makes us less mindful of its approach. Apparently, the longer we live the surer we are that death will not come. The habit of living excludes the idea of dying. We think it natural that others should go, but ignore our own danger. This is unwisdom. With no trepidation or slavish fear, but constantly mindful that the end is not far off, we should perform our daily duties and reverently walk the path which is nightly bringing us one day's march nearer the eternal home.

But while keeping ourselves always reasonably mindful of the certainty of death, we should also cultivate the most fervent faith in the soul's immortality. We can not know, but we can feel and believe, that death opens to us the portals of a new and higher life. Indeed, we all resolutely refuse to believe that annihilation is possible. The thoughtful writer of the Enigmas of Life calls attention to what he says is a universal experience, that when we enter the apartment of the dead and look upon the face of the friend for whom we mourn we never have the feeling that the departed one is there. Reverently and tenderly we treat the remains. But the mind we knew we do not conceive is present with us. We feel that the soul, if it exists, has gone elsewhere. Why should it not exist? It is true we have no proof. It is a part of the Divine order that we shall not have proof, but that by faith alone

while here we shall take hold of eternity. But with one universal accord mankind utters the conclusion of the great poet, "It must be so;" not alone because of the pleasing hope, the fond desire, the longing after immortality, but because irresistible intuition convinces us that the souls of men whose existence we have felt and known, that our own souls, of whose present being we are conscious and sure, do not go forward to annihilation. How and where the soul exists here in connection with our mortal bodies, whether waking or sleeping, we do not have the faintest conception. But we know it does exist, and both sentiment and instinct tell us that it will exist forever.

Whether we consider the bright and innocent child with his rapidly developing brain, or the strong man in his pride of manhood, or the aged sage with apparently failing powers, we are impressed with the conviction that while what we see is mortal and destructible the souls which we do not see are imperishable and eternal. "Though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day."

The revelations of astronomy are most marvelous: myriads of suns and planets roll through illimitable space millions upon millions of miles distant from the globe which we inhabit, in the contemplation and comprehension of which we bow our heads, oppressed by the sense of our own insignificance. Yet is it not even more wonderful that the mind of man can define the orbits of these heavenly bodies and measure the paths through which they are destined to keep their never-ending course? Shall the mind of him who without the sight of the planet Neptune discovered his existence by calculations from the perturbations of Uranus and directed all telescopes to the point in the skies where he appeared at the time predicted: shall the mind of him who can fix the dimensions and describe the qualities of the most brilliant and blazing Sirius, a million and

a half times farther from this earth than our sun, be extinguished because the mortal frame has perished? No such hopeless unbelief does astronomy permit.

> The heart at once it humbles and exalts,
> Lays it in dust and calls it to the skies.

Thus inspired, human nature revolts at the idea of annihilation and imbues mankind with the universal faith that life here is but a passing experience, whose end is the beginning of a nobler existence in another sphere.

> Our little life
> Is interwoven with the universe
> Of God's eternal counsels. We are part
> Of the whole family in heaven and earth—
> The many are in heaven, the few on earth—
> Part of the mighty host whose foremost ranks
> Long since have crossed the river and have pitched
> Their tents upon the everlasting hills.

ADDRESS OF MR. WALTHALL, OF MISSISSIPPI.

Mr. WALTHALL. Mr. President, when I entered the Senate, a stranger to most of its members and without experience in the business of legislation, I was attracted to the late Senator PLUMB by his cordial greeting and his generous offers of assistance in the new duties which were before me. I was assigned to the Committee on Public Lands, and served there, with him as chairman, until his death. There and here and elsewhere I had such proofs of his sincerity and good will and witnessed such exhibitions of his uncommon powers that I desire to avail myself of the privilege which this occasion affords to say a word in recognition of his virtues as a man and a friend and to express my appreciation of his value as a public servant.

Those who knew him longer are able to present his distinctive characteristics and his life work with more completeness than I can, but probably during the last six years of his life none here were more observant of his earnest and forceful course in this body or more impressed by the effectiveness of his vigorous efforts and intense application.

His intellectual power, his rare capacity for work, his self-reliance and tireless assiduity, were recognized alike by those who confronted him and those who coöperated with him. His vigor of mind and body, his will power, and his courage made him a great factor here and a prominent figure in public attention.

In the various branches of his legislative duty his labors were incessant and productive, and through them he touched the public at more different points than most of his associates here, and left his impress upon a greater variety of interests and subjects.

His useful and distinguished services to his constituents and his country are a part of the history of the times in which he figured. His public record is before his countrymen as he made it for himself, and that presents him as the big-brained, busy man of work and power and influence that he was. But, sir, that record does not and can not tell of some phases of his character and disposition which were well known to us, and I may be pardoned if I supplement it by a brief reference to these, which, if portrayed, would make a fit complement to the history of his public work.

Senator PLUMB's native force had never suffered impairment from any unsubstantial and merely formal, conventional restraints. The element of practicality in him was inborn, essential, and dominant, and he sought for and dealt with the substance and not the form of things. In the pursuit of a purpose he was earnest and sanguine and sometimes impulsively re-

sentful of opposition, but he bore no malice and harbored no spirit of retaliation; and, although his prejudices, like all else in him, were strong, they were never beyond the reach of reason. Of mere empty observances he was but little regardful. Unmeaning formalities he neither practiced nor respected, and had no taste nor toleration for the mere tinselwork and embellishments of ceremonious display. The pretenses of hypocrisy and all affectation and impostures he readily detected and cordially despised. Of mere lip service and flattery he was impatient even to abruptness. In his intercourse with men he disdained all counterfeit graces, insincerity, and mannerism.

But, sir, though brusque and sturdy and in all things essentially practical, our departed associate was a genuinely gracious man, full of that real, unpretentious politeness which can only come from a just, innate conception of the consideration due the rights and sensibilities of others. His heart was warm and generous and responsive. It made him faithful and fearless, hopeful and strong. It made him mindful of the wrongs and afflictions of others and put him in sympathy with the toiling masses and the neglected classes of his fellow men. It made him true to his country and his friends, and supported him in his earnest and successful career in life.

If he had been a man of colder blood and had steered his course by policy alone, if his manner had been gentler, if the angularities of his character had been reduced and his tendency at times toward aggression had been subdued, if he had been more considerate of himself and less so of his duties and of his fellow men, his path had probably been smoother and his life, it may be, much prolonged. But, sir, he would not have been what he was and could not have accomplished what he did, and one of the most noticeable figures of his time would have been lost to the age we live in. In this imperfect tribute his individuality has been but faintly marked, but I have sought in

some measure to present it and preserve it. It is worthy to be remembered as it was, without ornament or concealment. It belonged to a rugged, restless, earnest, and courageous man of worth and work and power, who fought his own way to success and high distinction. The lesson of his life is instructive to us all and full of encouragement to the aspiring youth of the land who may be beset by such difficulties as he encountered but to overcome. I would not disfigure it or impair it by any empty words of indiscriminate praise.

Address of Mr. Perkins, of Kansas.

Mr. Perkins. Mr. President, again the Senate has paused in its labors and suspended its important service to the people of the country, that we may pay our tribute of respect to a late distinguished Senator and lay upon his grave our rhetorical offerings of appreciation and love.

On the 12th day of October, 1837, in the county of Delaware and State of Ohio, Preston B. Plumb was born, but before he reached the years of his majority he left the beautiful hills of his native State and became an active, earnest, and enthusiastic antislavery man upon the plains of the then Territory of Kansas. In June, 1856, he located upon a claim near where the city of Salina now is, but subsequently found employment in a printing office at Topeka, and during the winter of 1856–'57 was foreman of the Herald of Freedom office at Lawrence, Kans. He had learned the printing business in Ohio, serving an apprenticeship in the office of the Western Episcopalian at Gambier and establishing when but 16 years of age the News at Xenia, Ohio, in connection with one J. W. Dumble.

I am in receipt of a letter from a gentleman living in Chicago,

by the name of Strong, who says that he was employed in 1855 as a compositor by Mr. PLUMB to assist in the publication of the News, and he says that Mr. PLUMB was a good printer and as fast a typesetter as any man he ever worked with. But the publication of a country newspaper in Ohio did not in full measure satisfy the vigorous ambition and restless energy of this strong, athletic young man, and, disposing of his paper, he removed to Kansas, where he continued to reside until he died in this city on the 20th day of December last.

Mr. President, this is not an unmeaning ceremonial. A great statesman, a wise and useful legislator, a devoted friend, an eminent and patriotic citizen, is dead and now sleeps in peace and honor in the bosom of the State he loved so well and served with such faithful and laborious devotion. Strong, rugged, active, and indomitable, Senator PLUMB seemed the incarnation of physical force and of intellectual activity, and his service in this Chamber was so long and his participation in its proceedings so active and untiring that it does not seem possible that its portals have been closed to him forever. In 1855 and 1856 Kansas was a wonderfully attractive Territory to a young man of the convictions, ability, strength, and courage of our late distinguished colleague, and from the day he removed thereto until the hour of his untimely death in this city he was one of its conspicuous figures and certainly one of its most potential characters.

Kansas had begun to be settled in 1854, directly after the passage of the Nebraska bill, and had inevitably become an arena of strife and violence. Colonies were sent thither from the free States expressly to mold her to the uses of free labor and to dedicate her beautiful prairies to the cause of freedom, while weaker colonies were sent thither from the South to bind her to the car of slavery. These colonies from the South were supplemented and strengthened by incursions of Missourians,

thoroughly armed and ready for any work that would aid the administration and assist in fastening upon the plains of the new Territory the humiliating conditions of slave labor. The contentions of that period are historical and are only adverted to to suggest that in that early struggle the sympathies, activities, and labors of Mr. PLUMB were with the free-State men. He was a member of a company of five persons who laid out the city of Emporia, in February, 1857, and it is the home of his family at this time. His love for newspaper work had not abated, and early in 1857 he, with others, established the Emporia News, and he gave to the enterprise his personal and laborious attention.

Almost at once the paper took rank as among the most ably edited in the Territory, and it became a potent factor for good in the growth of the young city and in the settlement of the new Territory. The paper is still published under the old name, although Mr. PLUMB had no connection with it for many years. Mr. PLUMB was a delegate to a number of Territorial free-State conventions, always advocating the most radical measures of the antislavery party. In 1858 he was elected a delegate to the Leavenworth constitutional convention, and although among its most youthful members he exercised great influence and became one of its most active and conspicuous representatives. In 1859 he returned to Ohio for the purpose of attending the law school at Cleveland. Here he pursued his studies for two terms, when he returned to Kansas and was admitted to the bar in 1861 and opened a law office at Emporia. He at once took high rank as a lawyer and secured a profitable practice.

In 1862 he was elected a member of the Kansas house of representatives and served as chairman of the judiciary committee. Shortly after this he was appointed reporter for the supreme court of the State, but soon resigned that he might

serve in the field with a company of men he had recruited for the Eleventh Kansas Volunteers. He was mustered into the service as second lieutenant of Company C of such regiment, and served successively as second lieutenant, captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel, and during much of the service of the regiment he was its commanding officer. As a soldier he was prompt, untiring, and impetuous. At times it was difficult for him to conform to military regulations and to observe the conventionalities of military life, but he shared with his men the hardships of the campaign and possessed their confidence and good will, and he never commanded them to go where he was not willing to lead.

Subsequently in private and public life he esteemed it a personal favor to be able to serve a member of his old regiment, and when the intelligence was flashed along the electric wires that Senator PLUMB was dead every comrade of the Eleventh Kansas found his eyes filling with tears and his heart aching with sorrow at the sad intelligence as he recognized that the loss was not only a great one to the State and nation, but to him it was a personal bereavement. At the close of the war Mr. PLUMB resumed his law practice, and was again elected to the Kansas house of representatives in 1866 and again in 1867. During his service in the legislature in 1866 he was elected speaker and made a vigorous and capable presiding officer. In consequence of illness and business interests Mr. PLUMB gave up the practice of the law in 1872, and until his election to this body in 1877 he gave his time and energies to his private interests, the most of the time serving as president of the Emporia National Bank.

On the 31st day of January, 1877, he was elected to succeed Senator James M. Harvey as a member of this body, and his brilliant and distinguished services in this great legislative Chamber are a part of the imperishable history of our great Re-

public. To you who served with him and learned from personal contact his wonderful powers it is not necessary to suggest his peculiarities or to recall his remarkable achievements. He entered this Chamber a comparative stranger to all and without experience or much familiarity with national concerns, yet in a brief period he became the friend of all, overcame the embarrassments resulting from inexperience, familiarized himself with the rules and methods of doing business, and became one of the most forceful Senators upon the floor. During the last eight or ten years of his service as a Senator from Kansas his work was marvelous, and I do not think that any Senator who sits upon this floor will take exception to my statement when I suggest that in my judgment PRESTON B. PLUMB did more good work than any man in the Congress of the United States.

Possessing a magnificent physical organization, with strong mental endowments, he seemed exempt from the infirmities common to our humanity and capable of constant, exhaustive, and endless work. Rest did not seem necessary with him, and recreation and relief from the cares and responsibilities of Senatorial service were only suggested to be put aside as having no place or part in the public life and daily service of this representative and servant of the people. His ambition was to work, to accomplish results, and to leave to his loved ones as a heritage a record of kindly deeds and of almost matchless achievements. To his State he was fondly devoted, to her people he was ever loyal, and to her interests, growth, and development he had consecrated his energies as a religious duty, and whatever in his judgment would contribute to her glory and to the happiness and contentment of her firesides, that would he champion and defend, whether it was orthodox in politics for him to do so or otherwise.

I do not suggest that he was always right; such a strong, impetuous, and personal nature as his is likely to evoke mis-

takes; but that he was true to his convictions, loyal to his constituents, and earnest in his desire to serve the people that had honored him and the country of which he was so proud as an American citizen, can not be questioned by any.

I first became acquainted with Mr. PLUMB in the winter of 1869–'70. I had located at Oswego, in the southeast corner of the State, the spring before, and in the practice of our profession we were thrown together in some important litigation at the time suggested, and from then until the day of his death I knew him well, and we were friends.

When I was first nominated for Congress from the State at large the delegation from his county gave me its earnest and loyal support, and during my Congressional service he aided me greatly with his suggestions, experience, and support. My friends were generally his friends and we found our official relations most cordial and pleasant. We, of the House, depended upon him almost entirely to look after our measures in this body. Senator Ingalls was much of the time engaged with his duties as presiding officer, and hence to Senator PLUMB we carried our labors as well as our personal embarassments and difficulties. How well he requited our confidence and responded to our demands upon him is shown by the record that in almost every instance and in full measure our interests were consulted, our demands responded to, and our local measures looked after and cared for.

The career of PRESTON B. PLUMB was a romance in real life. Without school, he became educated; without training in any special line of business or public service, he became one of the most effective men in law, in finance, in politics, and in statesmanship; without early advantages, he became the peer of men on whom schools, wealth, travel, and cultured surroundings had poured their richest gifts; without suspending his busy activities that he might sit down and learn, he acquired

by observation and absorption, as he pushed along, a fund of information which made him an authority on all practical subjects. He was a rapid and constant reader, and would gather the contents of the daily press and store them away in his vigorous intellect in less time than any man I ever knew. He was a lover of books, as well as of art, and at his home at Emporia is found one of the finest private libraries west of the Mississippi River, all personally selected and arranged with care, with reference to the subject or matter of which they treat.

In May last we were together in New York City, and we visited a bookstore, and he spent an hour or more in looking over their new publications, and left his order for over a hundred volumes. Knowing his busy life, I asked him when he found time to read books, and he answered that he read them when traveling and nights when not otherwise engaged, for recreation. And thus every moment of this great man's life was utilized, and all his wakeful moments were busily employed. He was an early riser, no matter what the demands upon him the previous night, and the early hours of the day were given to his correspondence, which was wonderfully voluminous. After dictating letters to his stenographer for two hours or more he would go to breakfast, if he had time; but, if friends were in waiting and his errand and Department work were pressing, he would defer his breakfast until later in the day and give his time and energies to the demands of a constituency that had no conception of the work it imposed upon him.

In this way his hours for eating became very irregular, and I have known many instances when late in the afternoon he took his first morsel of food for the day. But this did not seem to impair his capacity for work, and in his rapid, vigorous, and irresistible way he pushed along, defying the inex-

orable laws of nature, until the end came in that sudden, startling manner on the 20th day of December last. Many who knew him well had anticipated that when the final summons came it would come without warning or notice, as a flash of lightning in a cloudless sky, but all had hoped that the grim messenger, which comes but once to man, would defer his summons until this strong, sympathetic, robust, capable, and useful man could give to his people and to his country many more years of his splendid service.

Mr. President, I have known many business and public men, but in my entire circle of acquaintances I have never known one who could look after as many interests, assume so many responsibilities, and give his attention to as many cares at the same time, without neglecting any, as PRESTON B. PLUMB.

Like an oak in the forest, he has fallen; a strong man has been called hence; but there is naught left for us to mourn, but his unfortunate departure. His life had been a useful and a noble one. His fame, fairly earned, is secure and his name will be honored by those who follow us.

He died with his mental faculties unimpaired, his genial nature unchilled, and his love of friends and country as stalwart as in the happy days of boyhood.

The love that his people bore him was illustrated by the scenes that were witnessed by those who accompanied his remains to their final resting place. When the confines of the State were reached, that he had loved so fondly and served so faithfully, the manly sons and appreciative daughters gathered in crowds at every station to pay with uncovered heads and sympathetic hearts their silent tribute of respect to the dead statesman and friend. All the people mourned, for he was emphatically the people's friend. He was not only kindly disposed toward them, but he was one of them, and he knew their burdens, their sorrows, and their conflicts. He could

sympathize with an intelligent sympathy, as his early years had been years of sacrifice and privation, while all his life had been filled with labors and responsibilities.

There was no sham or mock pretense in his manifestations of sympathy and love for the people. He believed in the people and had confidence in their patriotism and intelligence. He said they might be estranged and in consequence of unfortunate conditions led into error for a little time, but that eventually the sober second judgment of the people was almost certain to be honest, patriotic, and right. At his death the country lost a wise and untiring legislator and statesman, but in Kansas we lost a benefactor and friend. To us his loss is irreparable and the mourning of our people is grievous and universal. Not in the towns and villages alone, not in the centers of trade and commerce only, but upon the farm, in the cabins, and far out upon the prairie with the pioneer, the grief was intense, and all suffered as from a personal sorrow.

Mr. President, for his future I do not fear. He was not a sectarian in religion, though he believed in the Christian faith. He was not attached to any creed, but believed that the truest, broadest, and most-to-be-commended faith was that which teaches us to give our best endeavors toward aiding, elevating, and benefiting our fellow men. His was the religion of humanity, and in all his private and public life he was consistent with his convictions.

I have spoken of the business and public life of our late distinguished Senator, but I do not forget that there was an inner and nearer circle, into the sacredness of whose sorrow we can only glance.

On the 25th day of March, 1867, at Ashtabula, Ohio, PRESTON B. PLUMB was married to Miss Carrie Southwick, of that place, who survives him and who in broken health presides at

the stricken home, and who in weeds of mourning and desolation has the respect and sympathy of all.

No one loved his home more than Mr. PLUMB, and while his public duties were such that he could be at home but little, and while the health of Mrs. Plumb was such that she could share but little in his public life, yet they were fondly and devotedly attached to each other, and in the later years of their domestic life it was a pathetic scene to see this great, strong, active, busy man ministering to and looking after the necessities and comfort of this invalid wife.

Five children as well as this stricken wife survive him, and his home was his delight, and the joys and happiness of the children and the household were his comfort and consolation.

No better father, no kinder, tenderer husband, no more loyal friend, no more generous and sympathizing man attracted love and affection, and we can rest in the belief that after a life so well spent, with its every duty and obligation faithfully observed, the soul of the great Senator is at rest and peace in the presence of the eternal God.

Mr. President, I offer the resolution which I send to the desk.

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The resolution will be read.

The Secretary read as follows:

"*Resolved*, That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn."

The VICE-PRESIDENT. The question is on agreeing to the resolution offered by the Senator from Kansas.

The resolution was agreed to; and (at 4 o'clock and 40 minutes p. m.) the Senate adjourned.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF DEATH.

IN THE HOUSE, *March 19, 1892.*

The SPEAKER. The hour has now arrived for the special order, which the Clerk will report.

The Clerk read as follows:

"*Resolved*, That Saturday, March 19, 1892, beginning immediately after the reading of the Journal, be set apart for tributes to the memory of Hon. PRESTON B. PLUMB, late a Senator from Kansas."

Mr. FUNSTON. I ask for the reading of the Senate resolutions.

The Clerk read as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the Senate has heard with profound sorrow of the death of PRESTON B. PLUMB, late a Senator from the State of Kansas.

"*Resolved*, That, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, the business of the Senate be now suspended to enable his associates to pay proper tribute of regard to his high character and distinguished public services.

"*Resolved*, That the Secretary of the Senate communicate these resolutions to the House of Representatives.

"*Resolved*, That, as a further mark of respect to the deceased, the Senate do now adjourn."

Mr. FUNSTON. Mr. Speaker, I ask the Clerk to read the resolution which I send to the desk.

The Clerk read as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the House of Representatives has heard with profound sorrow of the death of PRESTON B. PLUMB, late a Senator from the State of Kansas.

"*Resolved*, That the business of this House be suspended, that appropriate honors may be paid to the memory of the deceased.

"*Resolved*, That the Clerk of the House of Representatives be directed to transmit to the family of the deceased a copy of this resolution.

"*Resolved*, That, as an additional mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, at the conclusion of these ceremonies the House do adjourn."

ADDRESS OF MR FUNSTON, OF KANSAS.

Mr. FUNSTON. Mr. Speaker, it is fitting that the House of Representatives should pause in the midst of its daily duties and with becoming remarks pay a tribute of respect to the memory of one of the most illustrious of the other branch of this body.

PRESTON B. PLUMB, a Senator of the United States from the State of Kansas, died at his residence in this city on the morning of the 20th of December, 1891. His illness was of but a few hours' duration, when it was hurriedly announced in all parts of the city and dispatched to all parts of the country that he was dead. In no instance has it been more completely exemplified that in life we are in the midst of death, nor have ever been more seriously impressed on our minds the uncertainty of life and the certainty of death.

Senator PLUMB was to all appearance a strong man physically. Nature had blessed him with a body which seemed capable of almost any endurance. His step was quick and elastic, and every motion indicated a physical power and activity far beyond the gifts of men. The tone of his voice, the rapidity of his speech, and every gesture indicated, as it were, a human engine, which could neither tire nor wear out. It was so the people of his State, and in fact all who met him, regarded

him. They could not do otherwise, for whatever he might be doing or wherever he was going he seemed to be hunting for more work to add to the great burden which he was already bearing. That the burden became too heavy for any mortal man to bear there can be no question. He sank beneath it. The great center which constitutes the propelling power of life was crushed, and this fine specimen of health and strength lay dying.

Never did a people feel more keenly the loss of one of their own than did the people of Kansas feel the loss of Senator PLUMB. They loved him with all the affections of their hearts. He was to them a brother, a father, a benefactor. They had found in him a wise counselor, a true friend, and a heart overflowing with generosity.

The poorest and the weakest could always catch his attention and pour into his ear a recital of their sorrows and misfortunes with a certainty of relief, were it possible for him to give it, though in thousands of cases it required the sacrifice of his own personal means.

In him the business man found a model. When a farmer he was familiar with all its duties, ready and willing if necessary to take hold of the most disagreeable and arduous duties, allowing no one to do more than he, and, as his brother, who was at one time his partner upon the farm, remarked to me, he was always found doing that which was the hardest to do. Behind the counter of his bank he was exact, but fair, despising to take advantage of any man's misfortune; loaning in many instances to men whose only security was their good names, and, as I have been told, seldom losing on such loans. He was a success as an editor, as a lawyer, and as a miner. Railroads were built under the inspiring touch of his genius. And, in fact, there was but little within his reach to be done of a business character that he did not in some way assist,

directly or indirectly. His mind was not of the one-idea kind, it was not as a one-stringed instrument, but it was like a grand pianoforte with every chord in harmony with the balance, and at its best only when responding to the most delicate touch.

Of his success as a legislator but little need be said here. In the Chamber of the Senate he has made for himself a name that needs no eulogy to perpetuate.

The statutes bear witness to the many laws placed there through his efforts in the interest of the public or worthy individuals.

Many are the claims he has secured for those who were too poor to prosecute them in the courts. Many are the old soldiers who have been made happy through his instrumentality.

As a debater he made but little pretension to oratory, though he was always eloquent with facts and sound reasoning, dealt in such a way that they came with the corners on and played havoc with his opponents. Open the Record at almost any date during his long Congressional service in the Senate and you will there find an expression of his sentiments couched in strong and vigorous English. He called a spade a spade, and there was no mistaking what he meant. After all, that is oratory of the highest order, for it persuades and convinces and charms us with results.

His addresses in political campaigns were models in political economy. None understood better than he the great principles upon which the government of a free people must rest, and he was quick to detect an erroneous idea of what those principles were and to show the damaging results of such ideas.

None were better able to draw the line between the statesman and the demagogue, whether in his own party or some other.

He believed that every man, in a measure at least, is the

architect of his own fortune, and therefore that he should attempt to hew it out. Never having tasted the bread of idleness himself, he had no patience with anyone who had not the courage and disposition to move on. Work, work! was his motto. He seemed to have absorbed the spirit of the motto of his State: *Ad astra per aspera.*

To him there was no way up but to work up. Born on a farm, without fortune, reared under the tutelage of parents who believed that manual labor is honorable and that an honest man is the noblest work of God, he started at the foot of the hill, never shirking a responsibility, nor breaking an engagement, nor forsaking a friend; gathering strength and courage and friends as he advanced, he reached the summit, and in a halo of glory, amid the plaudits of admirers and loving friends, he passed to the stars.

What a glorious model for the youths of America! Where is the boy, however poor he may be, who would not receive inspiration from this character?

Where is the father who would sit down under the statue of Senator PLUMB and repine because his sons are poor?

Where is the man who would in the light of his life attempt to array class against class in this country?

For here was a man of all classes and yet of none. He passed through all and belonged to none. He knew but little and cared but little for the boundary lines of class. He broke through all without knowing himself, and when standing by the side of the President of the United States he felt as perfectly at ease as if in the presence of the poorest man in Kansas, and when in the presence of the poorest man in Kansas he was as respectful and kindly as if in the presence of the President of the United States.

Mr. Speaker, I will not trespass upon the time of this House to attempt a biography of Senator PLUMB. I will leave that

branch of the subject to my colleagues, who are so much bet ter qualified than I to deal with it.

I will only say that I have known him intimately for a quarter of a century, and that he was in Kansas many years before I knew him. He came there when a boy, and cast his fortunes on her bleak prairies with scarcely enough to shelter him from the blasts of winter.

He not only grew up with the State, but he made the State grow. He infused his energy into all her public enterprises. He not only helped himself, but he helped others. He built colleges, and churches, and railroads, and opened farms and made laws and fought battles for Kansas and the Union.

His whole life has been inseparably woven into the life of his State, and no man can think of her green pastures, her splen did schools, her happy and prosperous people without thinking of PLUMB.

We, in the presence of thousands of uncovered heads and under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, laid him to rest among the people he loved so well.

We can not and ought not to say he is dead, except in body. There is no death for such men. The frail tenements which they inhabit may return to earth, but their spirits, like the butterfly, are only disenthralled and seek the space of eternity, as the butterfly does the morning air. Or, in the beautiful idea of the minister at the dead Senator's home, "The curtains are only drawn aside."

Our State will miss him. The nation will miss him. But his spirit, like the spirits of Socrates and Cicero, will ever be present, in influence at least, with an intelligent and justice-loving people

Address of Mr. Broderick, of Kansas.

Mr. Broderick. Mr. Speaker—

> Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
> For now he lives in fame, though not in life.

This can be truly said of Preston B. Plumb. A strong man has fallen. We pause here to recall his virtues and pay tribute to his memory. The life was an earnest, active one, full of patriotism and replete with good works.

I am not fully informed of his opportunities and environments in early life. I can only follow him from the time he left his Ohio home for the new West, through an honorable and eventful career.

In 1856 many strong young men from all over the country emigrated to the Territory of Kansas. Prior to this date the country from the Missouri River to the Rocky Mountains was looked upon as a desert with only a possibility of reclamation. The savages and the buffalo had undisputed dominion. Two or three military posts, garrisoned by a few soldiers; two or three Indian missions, in charge of a few missionaries, and here and there an adventurer were all there were on this great Western plain to proclaim the probable advance and conquest of our civilization. These few missionaries and frontiersmen, whether there of their own volition or by direction of the Divine Intelligence, witnessed events and changes more startling and momentous than had occurred in this country during the present century.

In June, 1855, the Congress had given to Kansas and Nebraska a Territorial form of government, and that vast region, now so populous and prosperous, was opened to settlement. Emigration followed, and settlements sprang up all along the

eastern border. But every new country must pass through its crisis. The all absorbing question of the time was whether slavery should be planted and fostered in the Territories, and upon this question the people were divided. The differences at once became sharply defined and largely sectional. Agitation was kept alive; threatening demonstrations were made; bitterness was engendered, which fast ripened into open and deadly hostility. Fierce strife ensued and soon the Territory was in the throes of a mighty contest, which had assumed from the beginning a national character, and the whole nation turned from the ordinary channels of thought to view and study the situation.

A year later the turbulent elements yielded to peaceful methods, interest in the struggle diminished, and the few actual settlers were greatly augmented in number.

Mr. PLUMB was born and spent his boyhood days in Delaware County, in the State of Ohio. In October, 1856, after only a few days' reflection, he determined to go to Kansas, and at once joined the great westward-moving throng that was hastening forward to link their fortunes with those who had gone before. They started to find an abiding place and take up homes on the wide prairies of that region and to dedicate it to God and liberty.

Not long after becoming a resident of the Territory Mr. PLUMB secured employment in a printing office at Lawrence, and for a time worked at the case. Soon thereafter he began the study of law, and in 1859 was a member of the Leavenworth constitutional convention.

From the time he commenced reading law he energetically prosecuted his studies, and in 1861 was admitted to the bar. Early in 1862 he was elected a member of the State legislature and subsequently was appointed reporter of the supreme court.

In August of that year he entered the volunteer military service as second lieutenant in the Eleventh Kansas Regiment, and was advanced, step by step, until the close of the war, when he was commissioned colonel, and, in a few days thereafter, with his regiment, was mustered out of the service. The implements of war being laid aside he returned to his home at Emporia and resumed the practice of his profession, continuing to take a deep interest in every movement inaugurated to develop and build up the Commonwealth. Unwavering faith in the resources and possibilities of the State, untiring efforts for what he believed to be for her advancement, ready perception, which enabled him to decide what should be done, soon gave him leadership and determined his future.

In the fall of 1866 he was elected a member of the Kansas house of representatives, and when that body assembled was chosen as its presiding officer. As speaker he won the confidence and good will of the assembly and presided over it with distinguished ability. He was returned as a member of the house the following year. In 1877 the people further evidenced their appreciation of his services and worth by an election to the United States Senate. He was twice reëlected and death found him at his post of duty December 20, 1891.

This brief biography tells its own story. Such a record can not be found in any other country. It is wholly due to the influence of American ideas and American institutions. With a limited scholastic education, a poor boy advances from one position of trust to another, until he is seated as a member of this highest legislative body in the world, and all this is accomplished at the age of 40. The record is not closed here. The young Senator was a close observer and a student, although his methods of study were said by his nearest friends to have been peculiar. His open, genial manner, his constant industry and force of character, soon gained for him

recognition in the Senate and endeared him more firmly to the people of his State. After a few sessions he was found participating in the discussion of great questions, and always acquitted himself with credit.

During the last years he was one of the best informed men on public questions in the country. Many times he amazed the Senate by his readiness and force in debate upon questions suddenly sprung in that body. Senator Hale, long associated with him, in his eulogy in the Senate, said:

"On this floor he never championed a measure without first studying it from all sides, and no man here could maintain his cause better than Mr. PLUMB."

His work in the Senate for his State and the nation can not receive more than mere mention at this hour. The part he bore in the deliberations is part of the history of that body and reflects great honor upon his memory. His fame was not limited to his State, but extended to the remotest parts of the Union. Everywhere his name was regarded as a tower of strength, and his advocacy of a measure was evidence that it would receive respectful consideration.

In daily life he was unassuming and earnest, but always considerate of the opinions and sensibilities of others. Strong personal attachments drew to and about him hosts of ardent admirers. He was devoted to his family, kind and obliging to his friends, and generous to all. Much of his own prosperity was employed in kindly ministrations and for the substantial prosperity of others.

The willingness to assist those who looked to him was one of his strong characteristics, and he had innumerable calls for a word or line of commendation. There are few men who ever helped carry the hopes and ambitions of more people. Rank or station was not considered. He was of the people and with the people. One of the last acts of his life was to assist in se-

curing the appointment of a poor orphan boy as messenger in one of the Departments of the Government. He had wonderful energy, strong will power, and a determination to do things that he believed should be done. All was done without ostentation, show, or pretense.

These are in brief some of the traits of character that brought him into public notice and secured to him the confidence and respect of his fellow men.

The years of experience in public life had fitted him for still greater usefulness to his country. He appeared in the very zenith of his intellectual powers, and his friends had abundant reason to believe that he yet had a long and useful career before him. There was no Kansan whom the people of the State delighted more to honor. They were proud of the record he had made, a record that adorns the brightest pages of our history. No wonder, when, on that Sabbath in December, the sorrowful news was flashed over the wires that Senator PLUMB was dead, there was deep and sincere mourning. No wonder, when the funeral car moved out, and all along the line, from the capital city to his Kansas home, the people stood with uncovered heads. No wonder the multitudes in his beloved State gathered to look for the last time upon the face of the dead statesman.

Becoming a resident of the Territory when there were a few isolated settlements, he had seen that earnest, struggling community grow into a great, prosperous Commonwealth, containing nearly a million and a half souls. During these years he had witnessed the establishing and building up of institutions that would do credit to a much older State. He had the consciousness of having contributed in no small way to this wonderful transformation. He was proud of his State, had unbounded faith in her future, and expressed the hope to see the unfolding and development of all her resources.

How strange it seems. A few short weeks ago this great man was one of the recognized leaders in the United States Senate, "A living force among living men, helping to mold public opinion and shape national policy." I have a vivid recollection of my last conversation with him. It was only two or three days before his death. While he spoke of the necessity of taking a few days' rest, he seemed hopeful and of good cheer. I had no thought that he was standing on the river's bank, and within hailing distance of the Boatman; but the hours of his appointed time were numbered.

The loss of this life is felt here at the national capital; it is felt in every hamlet in his State; but the great bereavement has fallen most heavily upon the home, upon the faithful, loving wife and the trustful children. Thousands of sorrowing hearts turn with sincerest sympathy toward that stricken household.

In the weakness of humanity, but with becoming reverence, we are prone to inquire why the earthly career of such a life closed so soon; why the light was so early extinguished.

O Death, what art thou? a Lawgiver that never altereth,
Fixing the consummating seal whereby the deeds of life become established;
O Death, what art thou? a stern and silent usher,
Leading to the judgment for Eternity, after the trial scene of Time;
O Death, what art thou? an husbandman that reapeth always,
Out of season, as in season, with the sickle in his hand.

But on such an occasion as this we can not philosophize. The mystery of death can not be solved. When the messenger comes with the dread summons the hand can not be stayed.

All that was mortal of PRESTON B. PLUMB has passed away forever, but the record of work well done is imperishable. In sorrow we must submit to the decree of Heaven; the hope is in immortality. The life that was so active and useful here has not gone out, but has been transferred to the home beyond the stars.

Address of Mr. Joseph D. Taylor, of Ohio.

Mr. Joseph D. Taylor. Mr. Speaker, fifteen years ago, on the 4th day of the present month, Preston B. Plumb stood up in the Hall of the United States Senate and took the oath of office. Coming from a State upon whose soil had been fought the first great battle between freedom and slavery, his opinions upon most of the questions which were then agitating the country were well understood, but beyond this very little was known here in Washington of the new Senator. Tall in stature, strong in physique, commanding in appearance, courteous in manner, outspoken in opinion, quick in thought, deliberate in judgment, he was not long in gaining the confidence of both sides of the Chamber. It was soon seen that he had a way of his own, and, if this way crossed the path of Senatorial dignity or trampled under foot the time-honored customs of the Senate, it made no difference to him; he went on undisturbed, regarding results more than methods.

His surprising familiarity with questions which came before the Senate soon attracted attention, and the older members of the Senate often gave marked attention to what he said. In all that he did he was eminently practical. He never wasted time or words in reaching the turning point of a discussion. His strong individuality cropped out at every point, and his heaviest blows were always aimed at the weakest point of the opposition. Having been accustomed from boyhood to depend upon himself, he mapped out his own pathway, solved his own problems, fought his own battles, and won his own victories.

Senator Plumb was a natural leader, and yet he had the sagacity to lead without seeming to do so. In consultations he was a patient listener, always willing to consider every side of

a question; but when he came to a conclusion and expressed an opinion he supported it with such strong, terse arguments that it was apt to be the judgment of all.

His speeches were always argumentative and what he said was always aimed right at the point. Blunt in reply, quick in repartee, patient in explanation, vigorous in denunciation, logical and forcible in his reasoning, he always maintained his ground in public discussions to the satisfaction of his friends and often to the discomfort of his enemies.

The amount of work he did was a marvel; the way in which he did it was a greater marvel. His indomitable will, his active brain, his sleepless vigilance, his natural ambition to do every thing well, knew no limit and was circumvented by no obstacle. Although born in 1837 and although he spent his early life on the frontier, amid the hardships and sacrifices of pioneer life, and went out in response to his country's call when the storm clouds of war hung thickly over the southern horizon, he seemed as young and vigorous as most men do at 40 years of age.

In view of the fact that Senator PLUMB was born in Ohio, I have been asked to say something on this occasion, and although I was spoken to only a few days since I am glad to have an opportunity of expressing my admiration for a man who has honored alike his native and adopted States. He was born in Delaware County, Ohio, only a short distance north of the capital of the State, in a county which is known throughout the country as the location of the Ohio Wesleyan University, one of the largest universities in the country. He learned his trade as printer at Gambier, Ohio, and established his first business enterprise at Xenia, Ohio, as editor, part owner, and manager of a newspaper.

This was his first business enterprise and the field of his first ambition; but the thrilling news from the plains of Kan-

sas touched his heart and stirred his brain, and he was soon on his way to that then far-off Territory. The events of those historic years seem unreal now, when those dreary plains have been transformed into a land of promise, when the Territory is now a great and prosperous State; but there was a time when life or death meant little and when freedom or slavery meant everything in Kansas, and this was the time when PRESTON B. PLUMB, as a boy, stepped upon the threshold of the struggle and took part in all the conflicts which were waged from that hour until the freedom of the State from slavery was secured and secured forever.

We are proud of our young men in Ohio, and while we appreciate how much Ohio lost by the transfer of Senator PLUMB to Kansas we are no less proud of his great career because it was achieved in a sister State, and we join hands and hearts with Kansas in doing honor to an Ohio boy who has not only honored two great States, but has honored a great country and left us all a legacy of which we can be justly proud. To his widow and children, who sit in sorrow beneath this great shadow, we send our sympathies and our tears and ask for Ohio the privilege of sharing in the sorrows as well as the honors that crowd upon us in an hour like this.

On the first day of the present session of this Congress I came with Senator PLUMB to this city. He was in one sleeping car, I was in another, on the same train. He invited me to go in his car and I did so, and later on he came into mine and we talked a great while and on many subjects. He handed me a card on which he wrote the name of an individual whom he recommended as a suitable person to be consulted in a matter of business in which some of my friends are interested. Only once did he refer to his health, which he said was not very good, and he attributed it in part to too much hard work and in part to sickness in his family, which he said had caused him a great deal of anxiety.

We talked politics as well as business and discussed the prospects and probable candidates of the coming campaign. In all that was said, with this single exception, there was only the sparkle and cheer of health and happiness. His life seemed radiant with hope and sunshine and his heart was full of kindness for all. We separated at the depot and did not meet again. When the news of his death came it seemed as if some friend had fallen by my side. It seemed impossible! I took out of my pocket the diary in which was the card he had handed me. There was his handwriting, and around that card gathered the words he had spoken, and between the lines there seemed to be written, "Be ye therefore ready also; for the Son of Man cometh at an hour when ye think not."

There was a link of friendship between Senator PLUMB and myself which was always mentioned when we met; that was his friendship for Col. T. H. Anderson, who is now the minister plenipotentiary to Bolivia, South America, who studied law in my office and was for many years my law partner. I have often heard Col. Anderson express his admiration for Senator PLUMB, and I have a letter in my possession now in which Senator PLUMB refers very kindly to Col. Anderson.

There are many things that can be said of a man's private character, his relations to family and home, to wife and children, friends and neighbors, more beautiful than those which relate to public life or honored careers; but they will be spoken by those who were better acquainted with the deceased than I was and who can speak of these sacred relations more appropriately than I can.

But I know enough of Senator PLUMB'S private life to honor him for his love of home and family, for his interest in his friends and neighbors, for the love he had for his native State, to which he always turned with a kindly heart; for the interest he took in the town of Emporia, that beautiful and attrac-

tive city of the West, of which he was one of the founders. When I walked along the streets of Emporia, lined with shade trees on every side, and looked at the blocks of buildings, so well and so permanently built, I could not realize that Emporia had grown to what it is within the lifetime of any man; and yet it has grown since Senator PLUMB planted the first foundation stone, and Kansas in the meantime has grown to be a great State, and is destined in the years to come to be one of the greatest States in this Union.

When I said that Senator PLUMB was a leader I did not mean that he had not been influenced by others. When he went to Xenia, Ohio, to become a young editor he met there that grand old Methodist preacher, Granville Moody, who was full of patriotism and abolitionism and always ready to preach or fight for the freedom of the slave or the overthrow of intemperance. I have understood that Senator PLUMB was a great admirer of Granville Moody, and I do not know who could help admiring that noble man who has ever heard him speak, or preach, or talk, as I have often done, and I do not doubt that Senator PLUMB carried into Kansas the same fire and enthusiasm which Granville Moody enkindled wherever he went. No man is entirely original. The thoughts which crash through the brain, the words which burn and blister on the lip, the gentle sunshine which fills the heart, come rolling down through the centuries and are as immortal as the mind itself.

We think the thoughts of others; we speak the words of others; we do the acts of others; we go through life stepping in the footprints of those whom we admire and honor, whether we know it or not; but there is a difference after all between men in their individuality. Two men may be equally great in certain characteristics which the world admires and yet one may be a hero and the other a coward; one may insist on asserting his manhood and conscience at all times and under all

circumstances, while the other cowers in the presence of public sentiment and does not dare to be himself. Senator PLUMB, however, always dared to be himself, and, whether he stood alone or was supported by others, he had the courage of his conscience and the dignity of his manhood as his rock of defense.

There is no State, Mr. Speaker, in the Union so much like Ohio in its legislation and laws as Kansas. Having some interests in that State, I have had occasion to be there very often, and have always noticed this remarkable uniformity. The management of public affairs in Kansas differs very little, if any, from the management of public affairs in Ohio. I have often wondered at this resemblance and have heard it spoken of by others, and I think I can now account for it largely by noting the connecting link between these two States, which is found in the life of Senator PLUMB. He was born in Ohio, learned the printers' trade in Ohio, edited and published his first newspaper in Ohio, studied law in Ohio, attended two courses of law lectures in Cleveland, Ohio, was admitted to the bar in Ohio, and was subsequently married in Ohio.

Going to Kansas, as he did, as printer, editor, lawyer, soldier, politician, when the Territory of Kansas was a trackless prairie, and participating, as he did, in framing the constitution and in making the laws of Kansas when the Territory became a State, it was natural enough that he should, as far as possible, copy into the constitution and laws of Kansas the constitution and laws of Ohio, and I am persuaded that no other one individual had so much to do in making Kansas so much like Ohio as our lamented and honored Senator.

Mr. Speaker, the one thing that has astonished me more than all else besides, since I have been in Congress, is the frequency with which death crosses the threshold of this Hall. Seat after seat has been vacated, funeral after funeral has taken

place, and scarcely a single month passes from the opening to the close of a session of Congress without the startling appearance of this great shadow.

"In the midst of life we are in death" is true everywhere, but it seems to have a double meaning to the members of this House, and its warning voice needs to be written upon the walls of this Chamber and kept fresh in the memories of those who sit beneath the Dome of this Capitol.

Address of Mr. Otis of Kansas.

Mr. Otis. Mr. Speaker, Senator Plumb was a man of deeds, and not of long speeches. Action, bold, energetic, and persistent, was characteristic of the man. He had the courage to dare, and also the ability to do. Educated in the school of adversity in early youth, he was equal to prosperity in mature manhood. Political honors did not elate him. He was always in touch with the common people. He was great in his simplicity. Elected Senator from a State born in the throes of political revolution, baptized in the blood of freedom, and whose early history is written in the crimson letters of an irrepressible conflict, called upon to represent a constituency preeminently industrious and enterprising, intelligent and progressive, his task in the legislative councils of the nation was one fraught with Herculean labor and great responsibility.

And now beside the freshly sodded grave all partisan feeling vanishes and the mantle of charity is kindly thrown over all human frailties. But Preston B. Plumb was by nature a patriot, and not a partisan, in any offensive sense, as the term is usually applied. Mr. Speaker, I have no desire to engage in fulsome eulogy; but could that inanimate canvas hanging from the wall upon your right by some magic process become imbued with life, and George Washington speak to the as-

sembled Representatives in this Hall, urging upon them to "Beware of the spirit of party" and to place "Patriotism before partisanism," he would but voice the honest convictions of him whose memory we seek to honor here to-day.

Could the gallant Lafayette, there upon the left, be heard in accents bold and free, he could not as a liberty-loving Frenchman utter words in behalf of suffering humanity and free institutions more potent than many of the words and deeds of our Kansas Senator. He risked his own life to save the life of a disabled wayfaring traveler. A native of Ohio, he early emigrated to Kansas and became thoroughly identified with her early history and her material interests. If I am permitted to notice any sectional distinction, he was preëminently what might be called "a western man;" but "western" in the sense of being brave and broad, even world-wide. Every instinct of his nature drew him toward the toiling masses and away from the spoliating classes. Whilst national in the truest sense, he could not sit idly by and see one section dominate over another. From our standpoint no higher tribute could be paid to the deceased than to quote from his remarks of August 1 and June 6, 1890, in the Senate of the United States. The highest eulogy of the dead should be measured by their deeds and words while living.

On August 1, 1890, in speaking upon the tariff question, he used this truthful language:

"Let us seek for some means for raising the revenue for the Government besides imposing these great and enormous duties upon the articles in common use by the people. Let us invoke some of the intelligence and ability which are possessed by American statesmen to discover means and articles upon which taxes can be imposed without distressing the poor."

On June 6, 1890, speaking upon the money question, he said:

"Any legislation which I consent to must permanently widen

the base, must either recognize both metals as money or must discard both and put in their place paper money, the volume of which can be expanded so as to meet the increasing needs of increasing business. Archimedes said that if he had a place to put his fulcrum he could lift the world. Give the American people the base on which to plant their feet, with increasing breadth to meet increasing needs; give them the financial instrumentalities which they need for the development of their resources, room for the exercise of their intelligence, their enterprise, their courage, they will not only move the world, but they will lead it."

After all that his distinguished colleagues in the Senate have spoken in his praise it is useless for me to further extend remarks in this direction. His services are missed. But whilst his death is looked upon as a public loss, alas! what shall we say of the loss to wife and children? Here speech becomes powerless and words lose their significance! Upon such an occasion he speaks most feelingly who uses fewest words. Sometimes sympathy is most keenly expressed in profound silence. In closing I will simply quote the language used by himself upon a similar occasion in honor of Senator Beck of Kentucky:

"Thus once more we pay farewell honors to one who was a leader among us, whose talents challenged our admiration, and whose candor and amiability of nature and tenacious fidelity to duty will continue an example worthy of imitation through all coming time."

Address of Mr. Townsend, of Colorado.

Mr. Townsend. Mr. Speaker, the death of Senator Plumb was a shock to his friends and to the country. To those who knew him personally he was the embodiment of physical endurance, courage, and manhood. No one, unless it were his most intimate friends, was aware that he was troubled with any ailment, much less that he was so suddenly to be stricken fatally. No event could more forcibly teach the lesson that in the "midst of life we are in death." It is therefore most proper that we should stop for a brief hour and consider this remarkable man, whose career has been so illustrious. Nothing that words can convey will relieve the deep grief and sadness and sorrow that enshrouds the home and family of this departed husband and father, whose domestic virtues were unexcelled by his fame and worth and ability as a statesman. But we may be able to say something of this man's life that shall prove of value to others who are animated by an honorable ambition. For—

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Footprints which perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's dreary main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, may take heart again.

Preston B. Plumb has furnished another illustrious example of what honorable ambition, sterling manhood, and diligent industry may accomplish under the beneficent influences of our free institutions. Free republican government can offer no higher testimonial to the human race than that, under its liberal opportunities, its enlarged freedom, its wise regard for the rights and privileges of the individual citizen, it has been

so prolific in its development of men who in the arts and sciences, in religion and politics, in war and in statesmanship, have added to human greatness, as well as to the honor, glory, and fame of their country. The record and history of the life of Senator PLUMB will be more efficiently stated by others who are more familiar with the details than I am. Yet a glance at his life is necessary to fully comprehend his achievements and the more prominent features of his character.

Born in 1837, he was elected to the United State Senate in 1877, at the age of 40 years, and at the time of his death, after three elections and over fourteen years' service in that honorable body, it would be unjust to say that his influence and usefulness were not equal to that of any other member. Learning the printers' trade at 12 years of age, establishing a newspaper when only 16 at Xenia, Ohio, he removed to Kansas in 1856 at the age of 19 years and began the career that made him conspicuous in his State and throughout the nation.

The political conditions existing in Kansas in 1856 are matters of public history, but at this time no one will controvert the statement that the establishment on the plains of Kansas of a Territory and a State devoted to free soil and free men precipitated the war of the rebellion. The environment of his early manhood made him love liberty and hate slavery; taught him that freedom was one of the inalienable rights of man and respect for those rights the duty of every good citizen. At 25 he was a member of the legislature of his State and reporter for the supreme court. In 1862 he enlisted in the Union Army and rose rapidly to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of his regiment. In 1866 we find him again in the legislature of his State and speaker of the house of representatives, and in 1872 he was made president and manager of a bank at Emporia, Kans., where he resided.

Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of this active man was his supreme devotion to his duties. He never spared himself. His capacity of labor was the wonder of his friends. He gave to his official duties the energy, zeal, and painstaking investigation that made him master of every subject upon which he was called to act. In debate he was fluent of speech and frequently eloquent, always clear and logical, and with the utmost candor and absolute fearlessness. He had an acute and analytical mind, quick perception, and sound judgment. His immense industry, combined with a wide acquaintance and knowledge of business affairs, enabled him to engage with great success and profit in large business undertakings. His presence was like a breeze from the plains and his energy gave life to his occupations. He was an inspiration to others. His vigorous and rugged manhood, combined with a genial temper, made him a pleasant companion and associate. He had hosts of personal friends, and his popularity was great wherever he was personally known. This was especially true in the West, where he was widely known. His sympathies were keen and were readily touched.

He was a man of the people, and care for their interest was the law of his official life. He stood among his fellow men like one of the loftier peaks in a mountain range. The eyes of thousands were turned in his direction. It is believed by many that, had his life been spared, higher and greater honors awaited him. His death seems untimely; it was so sudden, so unexpected; but sad and painful as it may be it is the law of our being and is inexorable. We should be prepared to meet it at any time and approach the grave like one who—

> wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Address of Mr. Davis, of Kansas.

Mr. Davis. Mr. Speaker, we are here to pay the last tribute of respect of the living to the dead. Nothing that we can say or do can change the condition of him whose memory we here commemorate. But, on the other hand, we may both comfort and benefit the living. We may hold up examples to be either imitated or shunned. The subject of our remarks to-day is an example of what may be accomplished by an American youth of energy and industry under favorable conditions. He came to Kansas when that State was full of rich natural and political opportunities. He knew how to grasp them and use them and his life was a financial and political success.

Preston B. Plumb, of Emporia, Kans., was born in Delaware County, Ohio, October 12, 1837; he received a common-school education and learned the art of printing; he removed to Kansas in 1856; was a member of the Leavenworth constitutional convention in 1859; was admitted to the bar in 1861; served in the lower house of the legislature in 1862, and was chairman of the judiciary committee, and subsequently reporter of the supreme court. In August of the same year he entered the Army as second lieutenant in the Eleventh Kansas Infantry, and served successively as captain, major, and lieutenant-colonel of that regiment; and was commissioned as colonel of the same regiment in August, 1862. He was a member and speaker of the Kansas house of representatives in 1866, and also a member in the following year; he was elected to the United States Senate to succeed James M. Harvey, and took his seat March 4, 1877, and was reëlected in 1883 and 1888.

Col. Plumb did good service in his country's cause, and was duly honored by his countrymen, in recognition of his ability and patriotism. In politics Senator Plumb was a Republican;

yet on the questions of finance and tariff he often testified and bravely contended on the side of the people. Many of his ablest speeches are models of logic, truth, and patriotism. I once wrote him a letter of thanks for noble words spoken in the United States Senate. He replied fully and frankly:

"What you commend me for is what I have been doing ever since I have been in Congress. That is to say, I have opposed the contraction of the currency. I have advocated the enlargement of the volume of the currency, and I proposed the amendment, which you so highly commend, to a bill pending in the Senate four years ago. It was not adopted, but I did all I could to have it adopted. Generally speaking, I have no doubt you and I would agree about matters concerning the currency. At all events I can say that the views that I had when I came to the Senate, and which I have often expressed, have undergone no change, unless it be that they are more fixed than ever. I do not believe in a currency to be provided by the banks, because I can not conceive that the volume of such a currency would be inevitably adapted to the needs of the country."

My acquaintance with PRESTON B. PLUMB commenced in 1873, when, on his invitation, I was called to address the people of his county at the Lyon County fair. I thus became a guest in his family. From that time to the day of his death our acquaintance and friendship continued. Although we sometimes crossed political swords in the newspapers, and met each other in public and joint debate, yet these incidents worked no personal alienation. Through all these years the chain of friendship and personal regard and appreciation remained unbroken. His was a practical mind of large comprehension. His was a power which molded men. His third election to the United States Senate was unanimous by the legislature, in a State charged to the explosive point with

living thought and political revolution. He was eminently a man of deeds. He spoke freely and boldly, but he was most noted for action. It was a common expression in Kansas on sudden emergencies: "What will Ingalls say?" And, "What will PLUMB do?"

But I am not here for detailed history nor alone for eulogy. The living must be benefited or our words here are for naught.

The sudden death of Senator PLUMB should remind us that at all times we are subject to call by the Great Leveler of Humanity. There is no moment of life when "the tall, the wise, the reverend head" may not be called to lie as low as the lumblest. There is no time when our loved ones may not be called to taste the same anguish and to suffer the same heartbreak which afflict the stricken family in Emporia. All that breathe must share the same fate. The joyous may laugh till the summons comes. The sad may plod on in their melancholy, the ambitious may chase their phantoms, and the workers may not cease their labors. Yet mirth and melancholy, work and ambition, must have an end. All of man that is mortal will find its bed in dust "as the long train of the ages glides away." Youth and manhood, the matron and the maid, and soft breathing infancy will find the same level in their last narrow bed of rest. Yet there is an immortal soul which sleeps not in lifeless clay. A spark of life from the eternal altar which never ceases to glow, destined to endless life and growth. With this, hope, Oh man!

> So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him and lies down to pleasant dreams.
>
> —*Bryant.*

On occasions like this the thoughtful mind looks with cosmic view and infinite humility from this short life into the eternities of the past and the future, and the spirit of the favorite verses of the great Lincoln spontaneously arises to aid in "celebrating our grief:"

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around, and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall die.

. . . . . .

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed,
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

. . . . . .

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draft of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

ADDRESS OF MR. BARTINE, OF NEVADA.

Mr. BARTINE. Mr. Speaker, I was never more painfully impressed with the uncertainty of human life than when, on the 20th day of December last, I learned that the senior Senator from Kansas was dead. When I came here as a new member of the Fifty-first Congress, one of the earliest friendships I formed at the other end of the Capitol was with PRESTON B. PLUMB. There was from the first a bond of sympathy between us in the circumstance that one of his brothers is a friend and constituent of mine in the State of Nevada.

I already knew the Senator, in a general way, by his public

career and national reputation, and upon meeting him I was at once attracted by his strong personality and genial nature. During the first few weeks of the present session I was suffering from illness and was not able to be in my seat. When partially recovered, but still very weak, I came to the Capitol one day and entered the Senate Chamber. Almost the first Senator to greet me was Mr. PLUMB. Well do I remember the cordiality of his welcome and the kindly solicitude with which he spoke of my illness. In less than a week he was gone. Little would anyone who saw us then have supposed that the stalwart Senator, with his robust, almost giant physique, would so soon lie beneath the sod and I be spared to take part in the memorial service of this day.

Truly has it been said that "in the midst of life we are in death."

The distinguished Senator from Kansas was stricken down in the full prime of vigorous manhood. Judging from appearances, we would have said that he had a quarter of a century of strong and useful life before him. We can not do otherwise than lament the death of such a man at such an age. In the great ocean of time the utmost span of a human life is but as the "twinkling of an eye." It begins, it is gone, and the eternity of the future is as measureless as before.

To the individual possessor of that mysterious thing which we call life it makes but little difference whether it close at 25 years or be extended to a century. Whether his spirit wing its flight to the Christian's "Home of the soul" or sink into Nirvana's dreamless calm, the length of his earthly existence is to him a matter of trivial concern. But it is freighted with importance to others.

Man comes and man goes, but men, like the brook, "go on forever." Generation follows generation as the seasons follow each other, and every generation aims at a higher ideal than the one which went before.

Therefore, in the great progressive march of mankind it does make a difference whether the life of such a man be lengthened out or be brought to a premature end. When we consider his intellectual strength, his capacity for labor, the breadth and generosity of his nature, and his warm love for his fellow man, who can measure the amount of good that might have come from twenty years more of such a life? One little thought germinating in the secret chambers of a single brain may impress itself upon the minds of untold millions, change the fortunes of mighty nations, and shape the destinies of a world.

Senator PLUMB was a tireless worker. His mind was ever active and full of plans for the improvement of society. His ideas were broad, national, and thoroughly American. He made no claim to perfection; his friends make no such claim for him. Had he been perfect he would not have been human. He would have been at once above our appreciation and beyond our comprehension. He was simply a manly man, in whom the qualities which inspire love and admiration largely predominated.

His life was a lesson that should never be lost upon the youth of our land. Born with the love of liberty in his heart, that sentiment grew and blossomed and ripened upon the plains of Kansas. In the midst of stormy and turbulent scenes, frequently ending in strife and bloodshed, as a mere boy he helped lay the foundations of one of the greatest and grandest States of the American Union. That same love of liberty, combined with patriotism, made him a soldier of the Union, and upon the battle field he displayed the same resolution and determined courage that distinguished him in civil life.

His career in the Senate was in the highest degree honorable both to himself and the people whom he represented. He was not what could fairly be called an orator. He thought more of

the idea than of the language in which it was clothed. There was a lack of those graceful movements, the elegant rounding of periods, the beautiful imagery and word-painting that mark the polished orator.

But he was nevertheless a strikingly conspicuous figure in that body. A close student, a thorough investigator, familiar with nearly every detail of governmental administration, a clear, incisive, and ready debater, he shrank from no encounter. His lance was ever couched, and it seldom failed to reach the object at which it was aimed. But he always struck in a spirit of kindness and never intentionally gave pain. Associated with some of the strongest intellects of the age, he grew and strengthened by the association. His tremendous physical energy and mental activity enabled him to transact an amount of work that is almost incredible; and the impress of his sturdy and practical mind has been left upon many a page of the statute-books of the country.

Mr. PLUMB was a Republican and deeply imbued with the fundamental principles of that party. He realized, however, that no political organization can be uniformly right, and upon matters of detail, not going to the principles upon which the party was founded, he was boldly and sometimes aggressively independent. More than once he drew upon himself the censure of his party associates. But it was political censure only. He was a brave and honorable opponent, never lurking in darkness, never firing from ambush, but always in the clear light of day, fighting upon open ground, and he held the respect and esteem of his brother Senators to the last. As a member of a body in which it is generally believed that patrician ideas have to some extent found a lodgment, Mr. PLUMB was essentially and distinctly a tribune of the people.

Although possessing an ample fortune, his tastes were plain and simple, and no icy barrier separated him from the toiling

millions of his countrymen. He remembered the humble cradle in which he was rocked; he remembered the poverty of his early youth; he remembered the road by which he had traveled to fortune. He realized that, while he had been successful in acquiring wealth, favoring circumstances had guided and directed his efforts. He knew full well that a man's success in business is not by any means a fair test of either his moral or intellectual worth. To him it made no difference whether a man were a millionaire or a day laborer. He judged both by the same standard: the qualities of manhood which he found them to possess. Cosmopolitan enough to love the whole human family and rejoice in the prosperity of every nation, he yet loved his own country better than he loved any other country; he loved the American people better than he loved any other people, and he loved the people of Kansas a little better than he loved the people of any other State.

And no people ever had a more faithful public servant than those for whom he spoke and acted in the Senate of the United States.

From morn till eve, and away into the small hours of the night, he toiled on and on. And when the busy brain ceased its working, when the strong heart was suddenly stilled, the great change found him in the conscientious discharge of his duty. When he died, Kansas was robed in mourning. It seemed as if a shadow had entered every household. Every Kansan felt that he had lost a friend, and the heart of the whole nation throbbed in sympathetic accord. His work has been done, and well done; the journey of his life has ended; beneath the soil of the State he loved so well he is sleeping his last sleep; his soul is mingling with the infinite and the unknown.

To the family so near and dear to him in life we can only speak words of consolation. Their loss has been irreparable.

One has been taken from them who can never be replaced, but I trust they may find some comfort in knowing that the nation shares their grief. May the load of their sorrow be lightened by the faith that, far from the scenes of earthly care, the spirit of their loved one is hovering o'er them and cheering them with the sweetest words of hope. From the silence so profound may there come the dear familiar voice, saying unto them:

> The living are the only dead:
> The dead live, nevermore to die;
> And often when we mourn them fled,
> They never were so nigh.
>
> * * * *
>
> The joys we lose are but forecast,
> And we shall find them all once more;
> We look behind us for the past,
> But lo! 'tis all before.

ADDRESS OF MR. CATE, OF ARKANSAS.

Mr. CATE. Mr. Speaker, my acquaintance with the late Senator from Kansas, of whom it is my privilege to speak at this time, was so limited as to preclude me from making any extended comment on his personal characteristics and virtues.

What I may submit will be the views and impressions that have come to me in an official or general way.

Others more favored in being permitted to know him more intimately have spoken, and will speak, of his great personal worth and his noble private character.

It is my province to regard him almost entirely from the record he has made, from the impress that he has left upon the thoughts and feelings of his people, the "footprints" he has left "upon the sands of time."

Of commanding ability and unending industry, with a fac-

ulty for work and a disposition to do it faithfully, yet apparently boundless in the grasp of his comprehension, faultlessly accurate in details, quick to perceive his opportunities and ever ready to utilize them, he formulated his plans with unerring judgment and executed them with unfaltering boldness.

Possessing thus within himself all the elements of success, he succeeded.

He was at once the product and the exponent of that peculiar civilization and intelligent development which has made remarkable the history of our race in the last half of the nineteenth century and recorded its grandest achievements in the progress of our great Republic. He was preëminently "a man of affairs," and withal a patriot and a statesman.

In the life and in the death of Senator PLUMB we are taught two lessons.

In his busy, earnest life and its achievements we learn that under our free institutions no bounds are set to the possibilities of intellectual endeavor directed by a clear judgment and supplemented by industry; in his death we learn that there is a physical limit to human endurance.

So far as the first can be considered, he was only within the threshold of his accomplishments; what he might have done had he been given the allotted span, no one can conjecture.

As to the last, he had reached the end. The bow too often and too severely bent had broken while many arrows were yet unsped and in the quiver.

Being one of those who accompanied his remains to their last resting-place, an opportunity was afforded me to ascertain and observe the hold he had upon his countrymen, the esteem in which he was held by those among whom he had lived and for whom he had labored.

Those formal manifestations of sorrow which mark the loss of an eminent citizen were not wanting.

They were elaborate, in good taste, and in every way commensurate with the solemnity and magnitude of the occasion.

The pageant represented a great State in mourning for a great man.

But what impressed me more forcibly was that behind these public demonstrations there was a deep and abiding popular sorrow. In the crowds that thronged the capital city of his State, and his own city of Emporia, to do honor to their distinguished dead, there were all classes of people. There were the sturdy mechanic, the intelligent and thoughtful merchant, the studious divine, the cautious banker, the farmer bronzed in the sun and wind in his prairie home, and there also was the ever-bright face of buoyant childhood.

People there were in thousands, but there was no business: the farmer exchanged no product of the soil for the wares of the merchant; the banker's office was closed and the mechanic's shop was not open; there was no sound of the hammer in the city, and even the gladsome shout of the schoolboy was not heard on this sad holiday.

Each one seemed as if he had suffered a personal affliction.

The Commonwealth was mourning the loss of a statesman; the people were sorrowing at the death of a friend.

The bright and progressive city where he had lived makes a part of the record of his life and his labors. His restless energy is seen and felt in its growth and industries, and no doubt in watching its progress and its prosperity he had often realized the fruition of the hopes and toils of his early manhood. His home was such as those who knew him would picture it to be; about it there was no elaborate effort at architecture, no affectation of the feudal castle or baronial mansion. Complete in its appointments, comfortable and convenient, within there was that air that ever pervades the abode of intelligent worth and prosperous effort. The books evinced a cultivated taste for literature; the pictures on the wall stood for his patriotism.

Contemplating these evidences of comfort and culture, I thought how often in the bright, busy years that were gone had he who now lay so peacefully beneath the rooftree he had erected to shelter those he loved; how often, wearied with the burdens of public life, wounded and sickened and saddened in the strife incident to his career; how often had he sought this home and within its walls had his bruises bound up, his armor burnished, his courage strengthened, and his hope renewed, and then gone forth again strong in the inspiration of home, love, and sympathy to other conflicts and to other triumphs.

But he had gone out for the last time. Herolike, he had fallen in the path of duty with his armor on. He had fought his last battle and was now come to sleep his last sleep among those he loved so well and who loved him.

One other thought and my remarks will be ended. As we journeyed through the land and looked upon its homes and its industries, as I watched the faces of the people who had gathered in throngs, it seemed to me that in all things there was a strong similarity between that country and its people and my own country and its people. In the two communities there seems to be a homogeneous population; men and women with like fortunes and misfortunes; the same struggles, the same hopes and fears; a common country, one flag, a like destiny. In all these interests there is no conflict; then why should there be strife between us?

As we stood by the open grave there was on my right a war-worn veteran who had worn the blue, and in his eyes were tears; in front of me stood my colleague, who, in those dark days of civil war, followed the fortunes of the lost cause and whose saddened face reflected the sorrow that was in his heart.

Here, then, in the shadow of death those who had confronted each other in the hour of battle had found a common ground on which to meet in common sympathy.

Will not the time soon come when, in the presence and in the interest of the living, we can all make a common cause of the common good?

And when the bugler blew "lights out" and turned away, our formal duties ended, a hope sprang up in our hearts that in the coming years, not far away, we could blow out the lights which party passion and sectional prejudice have lighted to lead our people in divergent paths.

May we not believe that in the near future there will emanate from the graves of the great and good men in every section of our broad land a spirit of fraternal love and affection, proclaiming to all the people, from our Northern borders to our Southern shores, "on earth peace, good will to men?"

Address of Mr. Baker, of Kansas.

Mr. Baker. Mr. Speaker, I shall not attempt to give a historical sketch of the life of Preston B. Plumb, but shall content myself to speak of him as he was seen by those who knew his active life.

He whom we were led to believe was the incarnation of physical force and intellectual energy has fought his great fight, has finished his course, and we are here to-day to pay due respect to his memory.

As one of the Representatives from the State of his adoption I feel that it is a privilege to bring my meed of praise to place upon the tablet of his memory.

The couplet—

> Despair of nothing that you would attain,
> Unwearied diligence your point will gain—

seemed to be the inspiration of his life. He was fully imbued with that mandate, "Subdue the earth." He was energetic

and assiduous, diligent in all the various pursuits of life. His earnestness, whole-heartedness, and steadiness in labor enabled him to overcome all obstacles to his success. Labor that would utterly have exhausted others seemed but to strengthen him; he seemed to forget what was behind and was ever reaching forth to that which was before; and in doing this he was but pressing toward the goal for the great prize of his ambition.

To deliberate, with him, was to act. He was thereby enabled to obtain possession of much which he had not contemplated. He believed that everything was progressive in its nature and that by industry all obstacles in life might be overcome. With him it promoted self-respect and reliance and drove away a dependence upon circumstances.

He believed that in working we reign, and soon learned the lesson that by industry man lifts himself to a seat among the great of earth. The poet has well described him as he was seen by his constituents at home:

> And the soul, fed and fattened on the thoughts and things around it,
> Groweth to perfection, full of fruit, the fruit of foreign seed.
> For we learn upon a hint, we find upon a clew.
> We yield a hundredfold; but the great sower is analogy.
> There must be an acrid sloe before a luscious peach.
> A ball of rotting flax before the bridal veil.
> An egg before an eagle, a thought before a thing.
> A spark struck into tinder to light the lamp of knowledge.
> A slight suggestive word to guide the watching mind,
> A half-seen hand upon the wall, pointing to the balance of comparison.

These seemed to be his moving forces. We find him toiling with the hand as well as the head. He believed that all labor that tends to supply man's wants, to increase man's happiness, to elevate man's nature—in fact, that all labor, physical and mental, were alike honorable. To him rest was ruin. He felt that the structure of his body as a whole and every organ showed that he was designed for activity.

But a strong man has fallen, strong physically and intel-

lectually. The void created by his death can not be easily filled. To those who knew him his very presence was a tower of strength. Whatever he undertook with his great intellect marked him as the peer of the great men of his day. He was always to be found in the front of a contest. He faltered at no odds. Defeat never dismayed him. Believing in the justice of his cause, nothing could deter him. As he came in contact with the best minds, the greatest intellects of his day, we found him their equal, never shrinking from the contest. His record was that of a truly courageous man. He lived a life of fidelity to home and family and of sincere devotion to his country.

ADDRESS OF MR. HENDERSON, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. HENDERSON. Mr. Speaker, I can not permit this memorial service to pass without offering some tribute to the memory of one whom I so much honored and respected as I did the late Senator from Kansas, Hon. PRESTON B. PLUMB.

For the past fifteen years I have been associated with him in the public service in these legislative halls, he at the other end of the Capitol and I as a Representative in this body, and during all these years our acquaintance has been to me so pleasant that while others are speaking to-day of his high character and distinguished services as a citizen, soldier, and statesman, I could not forgive myself if I did not add my testimony, however feeble it may be, to his long, able, and faithful service as a Senator and to his many noble and manly qualities as a man.

It was indeed a gratification to know such a man as Senator PLUMB, for he was kind and genial in his intercourse with his fellow men, and especially with his friends, and always extended to them such a warm and cordial greeting as to make them feel better for his presence.

I met Senator PLUMB for the last time but a few days before his death, and apparently he was the same strong, vigorous man he had ever been since my first acquaintance with him. He was cheerful and seemed to be in good spirits, and, so far as I observed, in good health. And when I heard of his sudden, unexpected decease—that this strong man, this great Senator had been stricken down in the midst of his usefulness and of his remarkable career, I was severely shocked and could hardly realize that the sad announcement was true.

But, alas! it was true, and his unexpected decease gave to us, his associates in public life and friends who had known him so well, another striking lesson of the great uncertainty of this life; a lesson which should remind us to do our work well, and to be ready, for in such an hour as we know not of we, too, may be called hence, and then it will be well for us if so good an account can be given of our life work as can truly be of this great Senator whose death we so deeply lament.

Senator PLUMB always, from my first acquaintance with him, impressed me as being a man of great strength and vigor, both physically and intellectually. He seemed to possess all the elements of greatness. He was strong in his physical as he was in his mental organization, and was a man of wonderful industry and energy of character. He was bold and fearless in the assertion and maintenance of his opinions, and whatever cause he espoused found in him an earnest and powerful advocate.

Observing his course in the public service, as I did, for I admired his high character, I can say with sincerity that I have seldom, if ever, known a man in public life who brought to the discharge of his duties greater ability and fidelity than did Senator PLUMB. He was ever watchful and diligent in guarding the interests of the people of Kansas, and we may say of the whole country, for he was a patriot in the broadest sense

of the term and took a deep interest in the national welfare as well as that of his own State.

For nearly fifteen years PRESTON B. PLUMB represented the State of Kansas in the Senate of the United States, and during all the time of his illustrious service he was a conspicuous and distinguished member of that honorable body; and it can be truthfully said that no State had a more devoted, faithful public servant than the State of Kansas had in Senator PLUMB.

Kansas honored herself in honoring him and in elevating him to the high office which he so ably filled; and in return for the honor conferred upon him he, by his eminent public service, shed luster upon the State of his adoption.

But, Mr. Speaker, this remarkable man, this great Senator, who rendered such illustrious service to his State and country both in war and in peace, has passed away, and we shall see his familiar form and face in the Senate Chamber and in this Capitol no more forever! After giving to his State and to his country the very best service of his strong and noble manhood, he has been stricken down while robed in the honors of his high office. But he leaves behind him an honorable name and a record of which his State and the nation, his family and friends, may be justly proud.

Let us who honor his memory to-day strive to imitate his noble virtues and to give to our country that full measure of devotion to duty which constituted the highest distinction of this faithful Senator.

ADDRESS OF MR. POST, OF ILLINOIS.

Mr. POST. Mr. Speaker, the decade which preceded the civil war was marked by a fervent discussion of human rights and was a fitting prelude to heroic action. Trifles were forgotten; parties paused in their contests, disintegrated, and reorganized; systems of revenue and other economic questions were laid aside, and public attention was absorbed by the one great issue.

Our Revolutionary ancestors had asserted with eloquence and logic never surpassed a people's right to liberty and free government, and in 1775 repudiated their king, declared their independence, and submitted their appeal to arms, always the final court of arbitration.

Among the institutions which royal rulers had thrust upon the American colonies was that of African slavery. England boasted of her freedom, but encouraged the slave trade, and even extorted from Spain in 1713 the sole right of selling African slaves to the Spanish-American colonies. When England's king was forced to relinquish authority on our soil, England's curse remained.

The political convulsion which gave birth to the Territory of Kansas again aroused the latent fires which had been suppressed by compromise, and when PRESTON B. PLUMB was 18 years of age the country was aglow with the heat of a contest destined never to grow less until England's curse had been utterly wiped out and the Republic reëstablished on the basis of universal freedom.

Born in Ohio in 1837 and naturally loyal to Northern sentiment, the influence which this revival of the spirit of our Revolutionary ancestors had upon PRESTON B. PLUMB can now

hardly be realized. Times have changed; the schools now claim the desultory attention of grown men through a course of study which may fit them to compete for a life position as a Government clerk. PRESTON B. PLUMB at 18 was not a schoolboy, but a man eagerly grappling with the business of life. At 12 years of age he had begun to learn the printers' trade, and at 16 he had established the Xenia News, and conducted it with vigor and success.

He needed neither Latin diploma nor certificate from a commission. He had acquired the trade which teaches accuracy and attention to details; he had succeeded in that profession in which humbugs and pretenders expose themselves.

At 18 PRESTON B. PLUMB was a printer and a journalist. He was familiar with the foundation principles of government as expounded by Hamilton, Jefferson, and by all the founders of republican liberty on this continent. He understood the constitutional limitations and the doctrine of State rights as enunciated by those giants in intellectual controversy, Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun. He was equipped by information and judgment to grapple with public questions, and was conceded the rights and influence in council of a patriotic citizen several years before the statute laws permitted him to vote.

The history of the settlement of Kansas is a romance and a tragedy. Within the Territory was the geographical center of the United States, for Alaska had not yet been acquired. This arena was formally dedicated by act of Congress to be a battle field in which to inaugurate the physical contest between the hosts of freedom and of slavery.

The Missouri compromise had reserved Kansas for freedom, but on opening it for settlement Congress declared that reservation "inoperative and void," and defined its intent and meaning to be "not to legislate slavery into any State or Terri-

tory or exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions in their own way."

The Constitution had recognized the peculiar institution, not for preservation, but for discouragement. Its extension had been limited by law, but the Kansas-Nebraska bill arrested the onward march of civilization, took a step backward, and authorized slavery to be carried into a Territory where it had never been. To this William H. Seward responded:

"Come on, then, gentlemen of the slave States! Since there is no escaping your challenge, I accept on behalf of freedom. We will engage in competition for the virgin soil of Kansas, and God give the victory to the side that is stronger in numbers as it is in right.

The eager skirmishers hastened to the designated arena. The land was fair to look upon. Its wide stretches of undulating prairie were annually covered with flowers massed in profusion and beautiful in their variegated disorder, while the course of the streams might be traced by the fringe of timber which had escaped the autumn fires. Its salubrious climate attracted many who sought relief from northern rigor, and its varied agricultural resources were heralded far and wide.

Among its resources, destined to be dissipated uselessly and cruelly, were the immense herds of buffaloes accustomed to make their annual northern pilgrimage across Kansas during the summer, returning late in the autumn to the South. In the midst of the territory thrown open to white settlement were large tracts held by various Indian tribes under solemn treaty obligations that their occupation should be protected and never disturbed. Some of the tribes had been found there in 1719, when Dutisne, the discoverer of Kansas, was courteously received in their villages and wigwams.

When the Americans began to pour into Kansas it did not

require the gift of prophecy to know that the Indians as well as the buffaloes must disappear. They had no newspapers to herald their wrongs, and any attempt to protect their own rights would proclaim them enemies to the white man—hostile, cruel savages. When a thousand squatters seized upon land solemnly guaranteed as Indian land, the chiefs entered a dignified protest, the Attorney-General decided in favor of the Indians, but neither the President nor the Army were powerful enough to redeem the plighted faith of the United States. With hereditary stoicism and pathetic calmness the red man saw the buffaloes killed, his land overrun by trespassers, his rights destroyed.

The national breach of faith with the Indians was little thought of by the restless and energetic pioneers who carried civilization beyond the Missouri River. They came to stay; they came to make homes, to build up a new State; they came from the South, to avail themselves of the privilege secured to them by the repeal of the Missouri compromise, and from the North to proclaim freedom on the rostrum and to secure it at the ballot box. The contest did not stop there. For twelve years, until the very end of the civil war, Kansas was "Bleeding Kansas," the theater of turmoil and bloody strife, of private and public war.

Conspicuous among the young men from the North who took part in the settlement of Kansas was PRESTON B. PLUMB. He arrived at Topeka in October, 1856, and spent the winter at Lawrence. In March, 1857, his name stands first among the little band who essayed to build a city on the banks of the Neosho. He established the Emporia News, and its first number was issued June 6, 1857. He had not yet been eight months in the Territory and was not yet 20 years old.

It was at this period that I first became acquainted with PRESTON B. PLUMB, a tall, earnest, energetic young man, full of enterprising plans for Emporia and for Kansas.

Kansas was then a broad expanse of waving grass, dotted here and there with an embryo village. No railroad approached its borders; the Missouri River furnished the only facilities for freight transportation with the States, while ox teams were employed for the interior.

Emporia was a straggling frontier settlement; north and south of it for a thousand miles Indians and buffaloes occupied the country, while to the west, nearly 800 miles distant, was the ancient Spanish civilization at Santa Fe.

Nevertheless, at Emporia the clear eye of youth and hope saw a future city, and thirty-four years thereafter, toward the flourishing city of Emporia, with its radiating railroads and all the accompaniments of prosperity, toward that city which he had founded, nourished, and loved, we bore the lifeless body of Senator PLUMB, while united in sympathy and lamentation were fifteen hundred thousand people, citizens of Kansas.

Ad astra per aspera—to the stars through difficulties—tells the story of his life. It is the motto of his State. It should be inscribed upon his tomb.

The early life of Senator PLUMB, his precocious connection with public affairs, the intensity of popular feeling then existing with reference to those affairs, the years of frontier danger, of incessant vigilance, of undaunted effort, were the discipline which made him a broad-minded, well-balanced, aggressive leader of men. He sought the approbation of his own mind and conscience and commanded the respect even of those who did not agree with him.

To bring into clear relief his early training I have reviewed but four years of his active life, years while he was yet a minor. Others have sketched his biography after attaining his majority, how he studied law, was admitted to the bar, served in the State legislature, entered the United States military service as second lieutenant, was promoted to captain, major, and

lieutenant-colonel, again served in the State legislature, and at the age of 40 was elected a Senator of the United States. From that time to his death his acts were open to the inspection of the nation and are indelibly emblazoned on the history of our country.

Senator PLUMB helped to create the State of Kansas. He gave zealous effort to her development; in time of war as a soldier he contributed to her martial glory, and in time of peace as a statesman he supported and protected her interests and those of the whole nation. He was the untiring servant of the State he represented.

Senator PLUMB was a partisan in its best sense, not a hanger-on and blind follower of a party, but one who dared advocate principles without hesitation or equivocation, trusting that his party would sometime be convinced and adopt them. He has been criticised because he always gave his party an earnest and unwavering support in the forum of the people, even though he had failed to secure the support of that party to the measures he advocated.

The enterprising soldier who discovers in his defensive line a weak position and suggests that it be strengthened, or who sees an opponent's mistake and vainly urges an assault, does not desert to the enemy because his comrades are shortsighted. So in political strife time will demonstrate who is right; the main body may progress slowly; a leader may be in advance, but he is never there in the character of a traitor. A partisan may sincerely believe in a principle and yet be loyal to a party which has not yet adopted it.

The real party leaders are not those who wait for the platform in order to know their own opinions. These may be successful politicians, "safe men to follow," for they travel a road already marked out and fenced in. Some one must advance, discover pitfalls, clear away obstacles, and blaze the unknown way.

In a progressive party some must boldly state their convictions and submit for popular judgment the measures in which they believe.

Senator PLUMB was true to his convictions and labored with tireless energy for his people and his country. Those who accompanied the funeral train witnessed scenes they will never forget. The people crowded the railway stations along the route, they thronged to the capital, where for a time his body lay in state, and collected at Emporia with every manifestation of regard.

The religious services at the residence of the stricken family and at the church, and the beautiful ceremonial at the cemetery, conducted by his comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, were made doubly impressive by the sympathetic sorrow of the multitude.

A people bowed down with grief at a great and sudden calamity, a State in mourning for a loved Senator, was a tribute which recalled these pathetic words of Motley, referring to the death of William of Orange: "As long as he lived he was the guiding star of a whole brave nation, and when he died little children cried in the streets."

ADDRESS OF MR YOUMANS OF MICHIGAN

Mr. YOUMANS. Mr. Speaker, it is only of the public life and character of Senator PLUMB I can speak. I had not the honor of his acquaintance. The Fifty-second Congress had hardly convened before the shadow of death darkened these halls. It was my privilege, however, as a member of the select committee of the House, to follow his remains to their final resting place.

It is not my object, Mr. Speaker, to speak any panegyric on his life; his life is his panegyric—is on a sure foundation and

is a part of the history of the Republic. Always a sturdy defender of constitutional rights; an honorable though not a blind partisan; at times assuming independent political action, then defending such action with vigor and almost matchless eloquence.

Faults, doubtless, he had; mistakes he might have made; but always relying on his honesty, firmness, and cautious judgment, always preserving his sincerity of purpose and integrity of character. His resolute determination gave him that force we denominate character. Like all who have obtained prominent stations and assumed the responsibilities of public life, it was his lot at times, however pure his purpose, however good the cause he followed, to be misunderstood and his motives questioned. The storm might rage and the night be dark, yet he followed the straight path unerringly; his sure judgment and persuasive oratory turned aside the obstacles besetting his path. Others have outlined the incidents of his career, but perhaps it is worth our while to dwell for a moment on the lesson it teaches. Very much of the best portions of our country's history is the record of the achievements of men who, in their youth, without the advantage of fortune, have written their names high on the obelisk of fame.

The list, though long, is familiar to every schoolboy; so, too, are their persuasive eloquence and mighty achievements. These pages of history speak silver-toned encouragement to young men, saying to them, "Onward, my young and strong brothers, to the great battle field of life. Let not disappointment and trials damp your ardor; let no temptations divert you from truth and right. On every side great hearts will be in sympathy, and strong hands linked in with yours, and the god of battles will not suffer you to fail."

Mr. Speaker, another voice—

> Is silent in the council hall
> Forever.

Another "little gleam of time between two eternities" has been extinguished. How long will it be ere we—

> Shall leave our
> Mirth and our employments, and shall come
> And make our bed with him?

And when time shall be no more for us, may we depart "like one continuing a journey from an inn, not as one leaving home."

The frequency of these sad sessions brings the admonitions of mortality home to us, and when we "shall take our chambers—

> In the silent halls of death,"

may it be said of us, "He has fought the good fight, he has kept the faith."

ADDRESS OF MR. CARUTH, OF KENTUCKY.

Mr. CARUTH. Mr. Speaker, I rise to speak the last words which will be said in this legislative Hall in commemoration of the life and public services of this distinguished Senator, whose memory we this day lament; and I speak with profound sorrow of the loss our country has sustained.

It was not my purpose Mr. Speaker, to lift my voice on this occasion, although there were ties of friendship which bound the distinguished dead and myself together. We lived at the same home in Washington; we ate our meals at the same table; our wives were friends and associates, and I grew to love and to honor the distinguished PRESTON B. PLUMB.

I believe that his career has done as much as that of any man in America to show the great strength of our institutions and the possibility for the humblest to grow to greatness. It has been said of us with pride, in this broad land of ours, "every man is by birth a prince of the blood and a peer of the realm:" and from the humble beginning of a printer's boy,

step by step, in the ranks of journalism, in the ranks of the Army, and in the legislative hall, PRESTON B. PLUMB worked his way until he stood second in office to the President of the United States. So loved, so distinguished, and so honored was he that the great people of the State of Kansas, by a unanimous voice, for the third time elected him United States Senator. In that office, how well and how faithfully he discharged his duties the records of his life's story will tell. Bold, free, and independent in his position and opinion, never did he—

> Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee
> Where thrift may follow fawning.

None loved truth more than he. Wherever error lifted its head, from whatever side, the stalwart arm of PRESTON B. PLUMB was first to strike it down. A lover of his country's institutions, he was always faithful. For the sanctity of the Constitution of the Republic, his voice would ever be lifted against any effort to ignore the provisions of that sacred instrument or to abridge the rights of the American people; and when he died there died a patriot.

He was a man who could rise above party whenever occasion required; a man who could be true to party when his party was true to itself.

Mr. Speaker, if you will go with me to yonder library and examine the record of the Congresses in which he held membership you will find that there was no more zealous, no more indefatigable, no more laborious member of the Federal Congress than PRESTON B. PLUMB. Well may the people of Kansas regret his loss. I have sometimes thought that there were two men who stood side by side in the Senate of the United States: one was the Senator from my own State, Mr. Beck, stricken down by the sudden and relentless hand of death, the other was PRESTON B. PLUMB, twin workers in the cause of their country, with a zeal that was untiring and an industry that never flagged.

When I first came to Washington and talked with the distinguished Senator from Kentucky about his colleagues upon that floor he told me that one of the greatest-brained men in that Chamber, one of the greatest statesmen in America, was PRESTON B. PLUMB; and from that remark of his to me I was led to watch the career of Senator PLUMB, and learned to admire his zeal, his ability, and his integrity, as I did his patriotic love of our country and its institutions.

I can not add any word to what has been said here to-day to his memory; but deeply engraven in the hearts of the American people will ever remain the memory of the claim to fame, of the service of Kansas's great dead, killed by relentless death in the hour and in the very height and strength of his noble manhood.

Mr. FUNSTON. Mr. Speaker, I move the adoption of the resolutions.

The SPEAKER *pro tempore* (Mr. Paynter in the chair). The question is on the adoption of the resolutions.

The resolutions were unanimously agreed to.

Accordingly (at 3 o'clock and 2 minutes) the House adjourned.

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